Sign our Free War Insurance Coupon on page iii of Cover.

JOHN BULL

Vol. XX. No. 528. SATURDAY. JULY 15. 1916 ONE PENNY

[Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.]

A 3769926

For meaning of this number see page 14.

Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them: nought shall make us rue,
If Britain to itself do rest but true.

Edited by HORATIO BOTTOMLEY

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Two Gold Medals awarded.

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A recognised body builder for all breeds.
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—after three years' illness

"I had given up hope," writes a sufferer, "but after taking half a bottle of Hall's Wine I felt new energy returning, and now after a short course I feel better than ever I felt in my life." These trying days call loudly for the help that Hall's Wine offers—help for the overstrained nerves, the wearied body, the depleted life-force. "Hall's Wine," says a well-known doctor—"has saved many a breakdown; it will give you the *extra* health and strength you need to 'carry on.'"

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THE PERFECT SUBSTITUTE FOR MOTHER'S MILK. SAVES THE LIVES OF DELICATE INFANTS.

Makes them strong and vigorous. Eminently safe to take the place of or supplement, breast feeding. If taken by the mother herself, invaluable to increase and maintain the maternal supply.

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"BABIES LOVE IT."

Recommended by the Medical Profession.

THE EMPIRE'S NEED: HEALTHY, HAPPY BABIES.

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ANTI-VERMIN PASTE.
A Safe and Sure Preventive and Cure
For BODY VERMIN.
The Best Gift for our Soldiers at Home and Abroad.

In tins 9d. each of all Chemists and the "SANITAS" CO., Ltd., Limehouse, London, E.

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Be careful of *fancy names*. Your Dog's health depends upon it. Always look for the name **SPRATT'S** and the TRADE MARK X

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—they'll be very acceptable. When you haven't time to wash there's a big chance you'll have "companions." A little HARRISON'S POMADE KILLS EVERY INSECT on hair and body. Insist on having HARRISON'S POMADE. "Tins of comfort," at 4½d. and 9d. Sold by all Chemists—or by post from HARRISON, Chemist, Reading.

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Keep you dry always. Men's 9/6, Children's 7/6, Sou'-westers, 1/6, Long Leggings, 2/9. Guaranteed against stickiness, leakage or dissatisfaction on money-back methods. **Illustrated List Post Free** Send Post-card now for this Art Booklet of "Weather Comfort," to BARBOUR'S, Ltd., 67, BEACON BUILDINGS, SOUTH SHIELDS.

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We guarantee the goods advertised by every firm whose trade announcements appear in JOHN BULL, *i.e.*, we hold ourselves responsible for their being of the quality and standard represented at the time of purchase and the date of payment, either in full or of first instalment; and if any reader can show just cause for dissatisfaction with the purchase of any goods made through any trade advertisement in our columns, we will personally refund the purchase money provided the goods complained of are sent to us within one week from the date of original purchase.

JOHN BULL

Politics without Party—Criticism without Cant:
Without Fear or Favour, Rancour or Rant.

Vol. XX. No. 528. Week ending Saturday, July 15th, 1916. One Penny.

"THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE—*KAISER*."

[The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.]

Mr. Churchill and Ourselves.

Next week we shall commence *our* series of "Four Chapters of the War"—being a review of, and reply to, those of Mr. Churchill, as they appear in the *Sunday Pictorial*. The two sets of articles, taken together, will undoubtedly constitute the journalistic event of the war.

Lord Kitchener.

So the Prime Minister does not propose to hold any further inquiry into the loss of the *Hampshire*. We do!

A Pathetic Tribute.

We have heard on the best authority that the majority of bodies so far recovered from the *Hampshire* wreck are those of stokers, and that in almost every case is found "a copy of JOHN BULL carefully tucked down the under-vest." *R.I.P.*

A Cranky Cleric.

What do you think of the explanation of Lord Kitchener's death as furnished by the Vicar of Woking—the Rev. G. Askwith?—"May not the solution be found in the attitude of the nation towards this man? Were we not trusting too much to Flesh?" To the Devil with such nonsense!

"Bottomley, The Humbug."

Such is the title of an article in the *Evening Post* of Jersey. "We wish we could forget Bottomley," says our distinguished contemporary. If only we could forget the *Evening Post* of—Jersey!

"P.B."

Our young friend is already learning the price of political independence. To decline his offer to return to the Naval Air Service—of which he was a distinguished officer—and to "conscript" him, as an ordinary Tommy, into the Army, is one of those brilliant inspirations which come only to the dullest dogs.

John's Feeler.

So "a correspondent" believes that "the views of Mr. Burns have undergone some modification, and that he would be willing to accept office again." There's patriotism for you! Meanwhile, he votes against Compulsory Military Service. What about a Conscientious Objectors' Department of the State, with John at its head—salary to be hereafter fixed?

Badges for Heroes.

At last the Government is waking up. But its scheme leaves much to be desired—and remedied.

Ireland Blocks the Way.

They may try to pretend that all will come right and that the Unionist party will be reconciled to the Irish proposals. Don't believe it.

In a Nutshell.

The Irish Report: Carson and Redmond made the rebellion "possible"; the Ministry made it "probable"—and Birrell made it "inevitable."

Come, Come, Uncle Sam!

Have you noticed the attitude of the American Press towards Britain, in regard to the great North Sea battle—several of the papers publishing cartoons representing us as a humiliated Naval Power—and not expressing any very great regret? *All is not well with America.*

No Election.

At the moment of writing, the question of a General Election, as an alternative to an extension of the life of the present Parliament, is still unsettled. It would, however, be sheer madness to attempt an appeal to the nation in existing circumstances. *No* scheme could possibly ensure the four million men now in the Army an opportunity of recording their votes.

Just So!

Sir Alfred Scott-Gatty, Garter King-of-Arms, points out in the *Daily Telegraph* that when in recent history the fabric of civilisation has been twice threatened by egoists—Napoleon the Corsican and Wilhelm the Prussian—"on each of such occasions fate has produced in these islands a great national hero, each British born, and each bearing the Christian name of Horatio"—Horatio Nelson and Horatio Kitchener. Just so!

That Book!

Oh, that book! We mean Raymond Blathwayt's "Horatio Bottomley: The Man as he is To-day." We really *shall* have to review it ourselves. In the meantime, we have got into sore trouble with our good friend the author, because we said, last week, that had we known that in many of our conversations he was "taking notes," we should have been more reserved. The dear fellow thinks that amounts to a suggestion of breach of faith. Bless his simple heart!—what we meant was that we hoped he would forget some of the things we said. But, after all, perhaps he has.

A Silly Scribe.

By the way, many pleasant things have been written about that book. But just one silly scribe thinks we are all wrong in suggesting that Ministers should be appointed to jobs they know something about. Even journalists should be selected with some care.

Be sure to sign our Free War Insurance Coupon on page iii of cover.

More Funny Names.

Some of those funny names, of which we have given previous piquant examples, are to be found flourishing at Manchester University. They belong to various professors, lecturers and demonstrators, and here is a pretty little bouquet of them: Schuster, Markower (or Makova), Weiss, Miers, Kastner, Weizmann, Hertz, Oppenheim, Knecht, Braunholtz, Moritz and Hubner. Quite a fine collection, all being labels of true-born Britons, doubtless! But, once more, Brown, Jones and Robinson are conspicuously absent.

Postwomen.

You need not believe all you read in some of the papers. Here in a woman's journal (not *Everywoman's*) is a par. gloating over the good things postwomen get—such as 24s. wages, bonus 1s. 6d., no heavy parcels, and part of uniform, including "a fashionable blue straw hat." This is the truth, according to a London postwoman:—"My wages are 15s., less 3d. for insurance. It is not a living wage. The duties are very heavy. At the office at 6. The weight of the morning delivery is as much as a man can carry. We have no uniform or boots whatever." We are not surprised that postwomen are demonstrating in protest.

At Bedlam.

For thirteen years past a man employed at Bethlem Hospital, as garden labourer and pony man, has been paid the terrible salary of "20s. a week with no extras, but recently he has been receiving 25s." The facts of the case would probably never have come to light (unless the poor wretch were driven to steal) had it not been for inquiries made by the Tribunal at Southwark. Now that the very discreditable disclosure has been made, the Governors of Bedlam might overhaul their pay-sheet, to see if any more slaves are employed by them. To serve thirteen years for £1 weekly is enough to displant a gardener from the grounds of Bedlam into its interior.

(N)Aked and Unashamed.

The Aked person, formerly a Liverpool preacher—who shed his nationality, became a Yank, and reviled the land of his birth—has been in Berlin on some mysterious stunt. He says he is trying to make peace; having been unsuccessful in Germany, he has "asked the British Government for permission to visit England on the same terms as he was permitted by the German Government to visit Germany." Our devout hope is that he has met with a contemptuous refusal. The impudence of the creature in offering *his* influence for peace is something to marvel at. He wishes to come here bringing infection with him; we would not allow him to poison our atmosphere.

Cannibalism?

Readers with squeamish stomachs should pass this paragraph, lest it turn them. It rests upon the authority of Erick Hansen, Ph.D. (Jena), who states it to be "well known to the trusted staff" in charge of the provisioning depots of the German armies, that municipalities and hospitals in Germany are using bodies of human beings "as forms of nourishment," to be consumed "as sausages and rissoles." We have heard that the Hun did not bury the dead; that he collected corpses and burned them in bundles. Dr. Hansen says these bodies, of friend and of foe, are so collected "to provide nitrogenous food for the troops," and "by some trusted staff are served as rissoles, sausages, or as meat for soup and stew." The Huns claim there is nothing "inhuman or sacrilegious" in this; they are "a race of supermen freed from such superstitious notions." So they hold themselves justified in eating human flesh; there is only a little awkwardness when food-poisoning occurs "through consumption of bodies of men killed by gas or fumes of high explosives." We could not credit the tale if told of any other nation.

The Rest Camp.

There is a Rest Camp for Huns at Islington, Liverpool; it is, of course, called an Internment Camp, but that is all our eye and Elizabeth Martin. The guests—*i.e.*, "prisoners"—have nothing to do but lounge about, basking in the sunshine, and consume the duck and green peas and strawberries and cream offered for their delectation. A reader who has seen these things asks, Why are not the prisoners made to work? Fie! How cruel to break up the leisured ease of those—hulking, pampered, inhuman brute beasts.

Why?

"Somewhere on the East Coast" airsheds are now being demolished, to be re-erected elsewhere, it having been found that there was no proper landing space on the site, which is especially dangerous at night—one unfortunate man who attempted to alight going over the cliff and being killed, whilst two others have been badly injured, a number of minor accidents also occurring. However was the original site selected, it being obviously dangerous by reason of the fact that there are houses surrounding the spaces where the sheds are built?

The Islands.

Conceivably there is something to be kept secret, for the nation's good, in the neighbourhood of the Orkneys—so, since May, 1915, no person has been allowed to enter the Islands without an Admiralty Permit, and that Permit is given only to people whose home is there. Business men who used to pay visits periodically are ruthlessly barred. Nobody would complain of that if it is a case of necessity. But it is perplexing to learn that captains of foreign ships brought in for examination are allowed ashore at Kirkwall from 9 a.m. to 1 p.m. each day. So is secrecy secured!

The Doctors' Money.

Confirmation comes from the medical men that their fees for examining recruits are long overdue. Says one gentleman:—"I was appointed a year ago to examine recruits at 2s. 6d. per head. Many days I was working from 10 a.m. to midnight. I examined 9,000 men"—and the particulars entered in a register ran to seven volumes. "I have not seen the sight of the Government money for all this work. They have got the work done; now you can fish for your money." A doctor in another district says he and his colleagues worked all day without meals; in that way only were they able to examine the whole of the recruits and so save the Derby scheme from failure. They are now offered £2 a day, and the agreed fee of 2s. 6d. is denied them. Even the War Office should not be mean enough to go back on its word.

An Atrocious Regulation.

Four men of Southend called, on a Sunday afternoon, at an inn in Paglesham, for four cups of tea, and were told that one of the party could not be served "because he was in khaki." So the three went without also, and the quartette proceeded to Rayleigh, where the same thing happened—no tea for a man in khaki before 6.30 p.m. In reporting these incidents, the *Southend and Westcliff Graphic* asks:—"What has JOHN BULL to say to this? We should like to hear his views. Language fails us." We can assure our contemporary that our views are the same as his. But we do not believe him when he says that "language failed him." We guess the language was there right enough, only he did not care to print what he thought, so passed the job on to us. We accept the delicate compliment, but we, too, must be discreet, because our printer's devil goes to Sunday school. However, we *will* say that a regulation which denies a man a cup of tea because he is fine fellow enough to be a soldier is a damned shame.

Are you one of the few without a John Bull Pen?

Concerning a Poem.

We unduly credited Shamrock Swimmer, the gay old chap of 80 who recites to soldiers, with the authorship of that poem we quoted from. We said it was a "really creditable effort." But Mr. Swimmer did not write those telling lines—"The battle is won by the men who fall!" They were written by Mr. Laurence Housman, and the poem, called "The Winners," is published by Mr. Mackenzie, The Booklovers' Resort, W. Kensington, the proceeds going to provide comforts for wounded soldiers.

Benefit of Clergy.

When Canon Markham, Vicar of Grimsby, was charged at the local Police Court with riding a bicycle without a light he was treated—ah, so nicely—accommodated with a seat at the solicitors' table, and addressed in tones of dulcet sweetness by everyone concerned. If the dear Canon would be kind enough to comply in future with the requirements of the law, he would confer a gracious favour upon the guardians of public order; and the present summons would be dismissed with a warning. Then the dear Canon prettily apologised, and everyone was happy; and yet the history-books tell us that "benefit of clergy" has been abolished for hundreds of years.

A Burning Subject.

If a certain labourer at Woolwich Dockyard is to be credited, for some time past Government officials there have been "busy burning tons of tobacco and thousands of cigarettes in the Dockyard destructor." He adds that "naturally a big amount of this luxury has mysteriously reached the hands of numerous employees, who vouch that there is nothing wrong with it." It is, or used to be, the practice, we believe, for the Customs to burn seizures of smuggled tobacco and cigars, but we do not know whether that is the explanation here. There is also the fact that a great deal of tobacco despatched to soldiers at the various Fronts has gone astray from time to time! What is the truth of the matter?

Random Criticism.

In the defence of the Ypres salient Canadian troops have won imperishable glory, and this circumstance alone should have restrained Sir Sam Hughes, the Canadian Minister of Militia, from flaunting his opinion that the salient has been held "more out of sentimental than military considerations." Yet, in an interview with the *Ottawa Journal*, the Minister not only reiterates this grave statement, but supports it by references to the late Lord Kitchener which do a good deal less than justice to the memory of that great man. From a person in the position of Sir Sam Hughes, such random criticism of the Allied strategy comes with an ill grace; and we would respectfully remind the Minister that he has a good name to justify as well as a high reputation to vindicate.

Railwaymen and Benefit Societies.

We recently mentioned the fact that a man, by enlisting without the L. and N. W. R. Co's permission, had lost all money paid by him to the Insurance and Provident Pension Societies. These, it is pointed out, are managed entirely by the men, who have drawn out much more than they have paid in. When a man retires he is granted £50, and a pension of 10s. a week, together with the usual death benefits. 18,000 of the Company's men joined the Army with their employers' permission—which, we are assured, are all that could be spared in the national interest—and they retain their membership. But our soldier friend, having left without permission, forfeits his membership. As he knew of the rule, we suppose he has no legal reason to complain. Yet we wish something could be done for those who suffer in such a case.

A "Special's" Tip.

Summoned for being drunk while in charge of a horse, Mr. Harry S. Partridge was considered by the Southminster Magistrates to have been merely excited; but that there was method in his madness was evident from his admission that he had presented an interfering Special Constable with half a sovereign, not for himself, of course—perish the base suspicion—but for his little child. This attempt to corrupt the majesty of law seems not to have aroused the anger of the Southminster Magistrates, who decided to dismiss the case against Partridge; but did the "Special" accept the trifling douceur, and, if so, what's to be done about it, and when?

Tribunal Curios.

At Stockbridge there were over 50 appeals; three cases were adjourned, and all the others received some sort of exemption. At Wimbledon, further time was granted to a cat's-meat merchant, who successfully argued that his vocation was a national necessity. At Westhoughton the Chairman claimed exemption for himself. He had, it was stated, just started to manage a picture palace. "Conditional Exemption was granted." And then the same Tribunal dismissed the appeal of another picture palace manager, who pleaded that his home would be broken up should he be taken. However, they did give him till the end of July to even things up a little!

The *Bystander* again.

It is, we believe, as a humorous journal that the *Bystander* likes to be regarded, but, since it occasionally ventures upon serious criticism, it might be as well if its jokes were labelled. Failure to observe this precautionary rule has already spelt serious trouble for our genial contemporary; and, in all friendliness, we suggest that its recent references to the officers of the New Armies, many of whom already have gallantly won their spurs, were in the worst possible taste. Only a negligible few of these good fellows ever merited the sneering description of "temporary gentlemen," and even the thoughtless ones have deserved better of their country than to be exposed to public derision.

"Compassionate Pensions."

In our last issue Mr. J. M. Hogge, M.P., referred to the War Pensions Statutory Committee as a body to which application could be made for "supplementary"—or, as Mr. Hogge termed them, "compassionate"—pensions. We are glad to hear from the Committee that this week the Chancellor of the Exchequer will receive a deputation of Lord Mayors, who will urge upon him the desirability of making such allowances a State charge, to be administered by Local Committees under the Act. The great majority of those Committees already have submitted schemes that have been approved by the Statutory Committee. We wish the deputation all success in their effort to secure justice for our disabled heroes and their dependents.

A Quakers' Memorial.

Devonshire Quakers met at Torquay, and the spirit moved them to address an impertinent Memorial to the Prime Minister on behalf of Conscientious Objects. With snuffling hypocrisy, they say how glad they are that the Objects are too craven to fight. "Whilst devoutly thanking God that He has put it into the hearts of so many brave young Christian members of the Society of Friends and of other denominations . . to be willing to suffer imprisonment, torture, etc. . . . We further ask for the liberation of all those who are now in prison." They want it both ways. Being thankful that their young skunks are "brave" enough to go to gaol, they yet demand their release. As the Objects have braved prison, it is unkind of their friends to deny them what their "courage" has earned.

The Seaside Pastime—Making "Bullets"—see page 24.

Babes and Sucklings.

The *South London Observer*, apropos of our suggestion that the Channel Tunnel would have been of immense assistance to us in the present war, asks whether it did not occur to us "that U pirates could simply have made the tunnel a veritable death-trap." Candidly, we were unaware that a submarine could dive to the bed of the ocean and then worm its way for about a mile into the bowels of the earth.

A Real Bank Holiday.

There is a rare treat in store for all the war-weary folks who can afford an August holiday. Let them make for the "Summer Festival" at Stratford-on-Avon. It is a veritable feast of romance and beauty in one of the loveliest corners of England! In the most delightfully situated theatre in the world, the "Royal Victoria Theatre Company of Shakespearean Players" will give their repertory of famous plays. There will be old-world music and national dances by the Children's Guild of Play, and possibly the ever-beautiful Mary Anderson will grace the scene with her wonderful impersonation of Hermione in "The Winter's Tale." Keith, Prowse and Co. will supply tickets to all London inquirers.

Resting—a Crime.

At the Fareham Petty Sessions, two Portsmouth women, the wives of British prisoners of war in Germany, were fined ten shillings. Their offence consisted in "wilfully damaging growing grass in the Wymering Field, Cosham"—by sitting on it. Their simple and sufficient answer to the charge was that they had turned into the field for a rest, not knowing that to do so was a crime. They know now, of course; but, nevertheless, they think it hard to have to pay ten shillings out of their weekly income of 25s.—5s. of which is regularly expended on a parcel for "hubby," who might otherwise be starving under the auspices of the Huns. We commend this view of the matter to Mr. Frederick W. Bloomfield, the owner of the Wymering Field.

"Unattached" Naval Men.

Officers of the Mercantile Marine—running the blockade in the East and getting supplies through "without fees or fuss," as they say—have a grievance. Their work is of such vital importance that the Admiralty and the Board of Trade hold it essential that none shall leave it to join the Army and Navy. They are armed, they are practically a fighting unit of the Navy, yet they are permitted to wear no Government uniform or distinctive badge. The consequence is that they are subjected to the sneers of the ignorant—who, knowing nothing of the Merchant Service, think they are out after unholy gain and shirking the fighting. As they are doing their duty, and doing it like British sailors, they merit that mark of recognition for which they ask.

Stepney's False Step.

By 9 votes to 5, Stepney Guardians negatived a proposal to urge the Government to intern all alien enemies, naturalised or not. This is a retrograde step by Stepney's Guardians, who have failed in guarding the interests of the country—including their own corner of it, where aliens flourish in plenty. The vote of the erring 9 must be remembered.

To Oust the Huns.

Sir George Makgill, Bart., of the British Empire Union, with whose efforts to annihilate German influence in this country we are in warm sympathy, informs us that an Anti-German League has been established in Toronto, "where it seems likely to have plenty of occupation." From our own knowledge we are inclined to confirm this estimate of the Canadian situation, and we wish all success to the new organisation.

"Desertion."

There is a certain vagueness about the story of Mrs. Chart, of Walworth, but evidently somebody at the local Town Hall is guilty of a deplorable lack of right feeling in the case. Mrs. Chart's brother died on 12th March, and was buried on the 18th. On the Monday following, she says, she went to the Town Hall to notify the death and "give in papers." "They" insulted her, and refused to credit her statements. "A fortnight ago a shock awaited us, by a sergeant who came to arrest him for desertion; you cannot understand how my heart was torn at such a thing." We *can* understand it.

"Some" Pensions.

Perhaps it is no odds to anybody in the dear Old Country, but the Canadian Government have fixed up a first-class scale of pensions for their disabled soldiers and the dependents of men killed at the Front. Members of the "rank and file" totally disabled are to receive 480 dollars (something over £90) a year, while the widow of a private soldier will get 80 per cent. of this amount, with six dollars a month for each child. In Canada, the claim of the fighting man to the generous gratitude of the community is freely recognised and practically acknowledged. In Great Britain—but there, the last word has not yet been spoken.

To the Temple!

Friday of this week is to be a big day for France—its National Fête Day—but amongst all its functions none will be more interesting than that of the Temple fête, in aid of the funds of the British Red Cross and the Order of St. John of Jerusalem—under the patronage of the King and Queen, Queen Alexandra, and all sorts of other Royalties; whilst the President and Vice-President are respectively the Lord Chief Justice and Sir Samuel Evans. The fête will be held at the Middle Temple Hall and Gardens—where there will be a wonderful programme. If you would like to go—and surely you will—apply to Viscountess Reading, 32, Curzon Street, W., for further particulars—and tickets.

PRINTER'S PIE.

(Half-a-crown is paid to the sender of every item published under this heading. Envelopes must be marked "Pie.")

"YORKSHIRE EVENING NEWS":—
"The Duchess of Connaught has declined the presentation . . . which is usually made to the WIVES of a retiring Governor-General."

THE BISHOP OF CARLISLE (according to *Daily Telegraph* report):
"Is it not wiser to do WHAT YOU CAN if you CANNOT DO ALL YOU CAN?"

"DAILY CHRONICLE":—
"He (M. Albert Thomas) possesses marvellous energy, which enables him to sit up and work until the SMALL HOURS OF THE MORNING and to rise early NEXT day."

"THE MOTOR CYCLE":—
"The event finished AN HOUR EARLIER THAN IT STARTED."

MR. HAYES FISHER (according to *Daily Express* report):—
"A great economy would be brought about if bread were not used till it had been BAKED FOR TWENTY-FOUR HOURS."

"DAILY GRAPHIC":—
"Some French soldier has collected FIVE of the large gilt letters which advertised the hotel and its good cheer. He was fortunate enough to find just the FIVE letters that he wanted, and he fixed them to the railing of a circular terrace facing the enemy, who to-day sees staring him in the face 'FRANCE' from an hotel that once was German."

Candid Communications.

This page is devoted to Open Letters to Celebrities, Notorieties and, occasionally, Nonentities.

To the Prime Minister, Downing Street.

DEAR PRIME MINISTER,—I have been very busy of late and have had no time to read the Parliamentary Reports; but up to the present I have not heard of any Government scheme for a Memorial to Lord Kitchener. Why not apply that £100,000 of the King's to the project?—and put me down for £100 in addition. JOHN BULL.

To the Right Hon. David Lloyd George, M.P., Secretary of State for War.

DEAR DAVID,—As soon as I heard of Lord Kitchener's death, I fancied I could "spot the winner" for the vacant post. Well, I wish you luck—but hadn't you really enough on your hands? Are you sure you have "dried Erin's tears," for instance? And how is that People's Budget of yours going along—and the Insurance Act—and all sorts of other things? Still, again good luck—and remember me to Derby.
JOHN BULL.

To Admiral Sir John Jellicoe, G.C.B.

DEAR SIR JOHN,—I can imagine no better tonic for faint hearts and shaky nerves than your fine dispatch upon the Battle of Jutland Bank. This is not to say that there may not be points of detail to which expert criticism will in due course be directed, your defence of the strategy employed being necessarily hampered by the need for secrecy upon some of the vital aspects—*and by other considerations.* You understand my meaning. When all is said, however, it was a famous fight, and I fancy the German High Canal Fleet will not be in a hurry to face your guns again. Meanwhile, the personal heroism of all ranks and ratings of the British Navy—to some glorious instances of which you direct special attention—has added immortal lustre to Britain's maritime renown.

JOHN BULL.

To General Sir Douglas Haig, G.C.B., Commander-in-Chief, British Expeditionary Force.

GALLANT COMMANDER,—The victorious opening of the Allied Offensive has rejoiced all our hearts, dissipating at a stroke the vain pessimism of a section of the Press and public and steeling our courage for the final sacrifices that shall make our triumph complete. No word of mine can add lustre to the heroic achievements of your valiant troops, many of whom, after only a few short months of military training, have faced odds before which veterans might have blenched, right worthily sustaining the finest traditions of the British Army. To every officer and man, no less than to you and your colleagues in command, I tender the warm thanks of their countrymen at home.

JOHN BULL.

To Reginald Capel, Schoolboy, Burnham.

MY DEAR BOY,—Most of us start business in a small way; but I am sorry to note that you have started in the wrong business and have had six of the birch for the same. Perhaps you were hungry, and they say "a hungry belly has no conscience." Anyway, the Rev. Horace A. Kirke, Clerk in Holy Orders, of St. Dunstan's, saw the window of his store-room open at about 7 o'clock on a recent evening, and then a strange hand with a biscuit tin in it. He seized the hand and "held on to it," and, lo, he found that the hand was yours! The biscuit tin was in value fourpence, but when prosecuting you at the police court with the utmost rigor of a Christian spirit he did not disclose the value of the biscuits, if any. I may say that in his position I should have preached a sermon at you with the object of having you "born again" at the penitent form, but the clergy and the laity frequently differ, even about the forgiveness of sins. After your birching you are probably both sorry and sore, so take my advice and don't go burgling biscuit tins again. Go round to the front door and ask the clergyman if he will kindly present you with the tin. Meanwhile, I present him with "the biscuit."
JOHN BULL.

To the Right Hon. Lord D'Abernon, Chairman Liquor Control Board.

GREAT LIQUOR LORD,—I am glad to see that a flicker of wisdom occasionally inspires your counsels, though its manifestations are rarer than I could wish. However, you have declined to have anything to do with the ridiculous proposal of the Glasgow Corporation for the total suppression of the liquor traffic; and your reasons for rejecting this extravagant demand seem quite sound as far as they go. It appears at length to have dawned upon the intelligence of your Board that there is such a thing as "the illicit introduction of liquor," and you are even doubtful whether the total suspension of the traffic "is demanded by public opinion." Evidently there are lucid intervals in the lunacy of Liquor Control.
JOHN BULL.

To the Right Hon. Lewis Harcourt, M.P., House of Commons.

DEAR "LULU,"—In answer to Mr. Thorne, M.P., you said that, as far as you were aware, there was no foundation for the statement that the American Beef Trust would not allow bacon to leave the docks. Do you know anything of the Meat Trust at all? Ever heard, for instance, how it controls pretty nearly everything in pig from the beginning of the litter to the end of the squeal? Why don't you make a classical study of meat, commencing at one-and-eight a-pound for liver and working right along to the cat's dinner at threepence per skewer? What with the Yanks exploiting us on yon side of the Atlantic, and the profiteers exploiting us on this, everything will soon to be too dear to eat except worms. Why not fix maximum prices for *all* meats, bust the beef, mutton and bacon kings, and get along with the control of the food supply? Some of you Ministers are responsible for more horrible imprecations among the multitude than I have ever before heard even on a golf course.

JOHN BULL.

To the Rev. Mr. Howden, St. Jude's Church, Wolverhampton.

DEAR VICAR,—Rose Day was offensive to your nostrils. It was "a very great mistake. To allow young girls to go out in the street, accosting men is, to say the least of it, very unwise. . . . I have seen things in London, and behaviour of girls in the streets, which is simply deplorable, if they come from very nice homes, as many of them do." To put it plainly, what a prig you paint yourself in that last sentence. If a girl comes "from a very nice home" you think it "deplorable" should she misbehave; if she comes from a home not "nice" in your estimation, she might go straight to the Devil. That is what your view amounts to. But your view is wrong all through. The young ladies who sold roses on Rose Day "accosted" no gentleman in the spirit insinuated by your use of the word; they did the best of work in the best of causes, and your insults are resented by them and by their parents. Even the cause scarcely meets with your approval—"If the money raised is not sufficient, the proper thing is for our hospitals to be put on the rates or under the State." Apply the lesson at home. Permit no gentlemen in your church to go round with the plate accosting girls; abolish your begging; then, if its income is not sufficient, put your Church upon the rates. Take your own medicine. JOHN BULL.

To Charles Frederick Bowring, aged 14, ex-Soldier.

DEAR CHARLES,—What on earth you wanted to try to k[illed] yourself for I can't imagine, but you told your mother that "your head was bad and your heart was pining," and it seems that your dismissal from the Army was the beginning of your troubles. Full of fighting spirit, you passed yourself off to the recruiting officer as of military age; but soon after the commencement of your training your grandmother sent your birth certificate to the authorities, and you were returned to civil life. Then you worried, and fretted, until one day you went "off your head," and played the stupid trick which brought you before the Kingston Justices. However, there now seems a chance of your getting back into the Army as a bugler or band boy; and this is to tell you that, except for that one silly escapade, I warmly admire your pluck.
JOHN BUL[L]

THE "HAMPSHIRE" HUSH-UP.

HOW THE GOVERNMENT TRIES TO "CRAB" AND SILENCE PATRIOTS.

BY CHARLES PALMER (*Late Editor of "The Globe."*)

EVER since the first days of the war it has been the same, and now they are trying to hush up the mystery of the *Hampshire* and the death of Lord Kitchener. Nothing which depended upon the initiative of Ministers has been done except after public pressure and sometimes serious public agitation, suported by critics in the Press and in Parliament. Yet his Majesty's Government have treated critics as though they were traitors. It is a strong indictment, but it is demonstrably true. When war began, the Parliamentary Opposition played the patriot part and gave unanimous support to Mr. Asquith and his colleagues. But time went on, and the defects of the Government became so glaring that the critics could remain silent no longer. They told the Government that in the public interest they were bound to speak. Mr. Bonar Law and his friends having shown the danger signal, there was only one thing to be done. They had to be silenced, and Coalition closed their mouths. Down to this very day we, the British People, are paying the price of that trick; and the danger in Ireland and from Ireland may prove to be the biggest price of all.

Outside Pressure.

But while the Unionist chiefs were silenced by office and shared the sweets of power in the Ministerial pool, there were yet men who refused to sell their right of free speech. It is these men, fearless and frank in criticism, who have averted the perils of inaction, who have hammered away at the Government until they have been forced to act—slowly, half-heartedly, but yet to act, according to the national will and in the national interest. Cotton! Who will ever forget the infamy of delay which meant that the enemy, under the eyes of the British Navy, was able to provide himself with an essential and governing ingredient in the making of those high explosives which blasted a way through the gallant lines of the Allies, and at one time jeopardised victory? Sir Edward Grey had to do it or go—not to the House of Lords, but into the miserable oblivion reserved for his friend Haldane, and for all men who, knowing, are afraid to act. If you want to understand what has been the crime of the critics, and where the real criminals are to be found, go into any public library where you can look up the volumes of Hansard. Read what Ministers said on a hundred matters which stern criticism, and the steady pressure of public opinion, has forced them to unsay by their acts. Why, as late as February of 1915 the Foreign Secretary was talking this kind of criminal nonsense to the House of Commons: "The proportion of German cotton imports used in the manufacture of explosives is very small and the requirements for that purpose could have been supplied from the stocks of cotton goods held in the country at the outbreak of war. The advantage of treating cotton as contraband of war is *therefore not apparent*, whilst the disadvantage which would result from such a step is considerable." That is the sort of stuff the nation was expected to take as soothing syrup while Germany replenished her stores and the gallant British Navy was compelled to look on in angry impotence.

The Case of "P.B."

And even now the critic is condemned—the man who dares to question the efficiency of our rulers and the sincerity of Ministers is marked down. Unless he is strong with the fearlessness of right, and brave to recklessness, every form of pressure will be brought to bear to down him and out him. There was once an airman who left the Air Service to go into Parliament and agitate for improvement and reform. What was done? All the money and influence of the Coalition joint machine—that machine which in ordinary old Party days was two machines fed with money gained by the selling of honours, which worked against each other for pelf and power—were used against this lonely man. The head of one of the machines, Sir John Boraston, was publicly accused in the House of Commons (and he has never denied the accusation) of writing a letter to the first Lord of the Admiralty, Mr. Balfour, in the search for information to "discredit" that man. But while the politicians schemed to crush him, the public rushed to support him, and Mr. Pemberton Billing went into the House of Commons. He is my friend. I know his defects as well as his merits, and I know that because he stood for honest independence in Parliament he committed the unpardonable offence. And now, just when he is engaged in supporting a grave indictment of incompetence and inefficiency in the Air Service, in the middle of his cross-examination of the head of the Royal Flying Corps he is called up for service with the Colours! But that is another story, and when it is told it will show that the crime of criticism is the greatest crime of all; that the man who speaks out that the nation may benefit, even at the expense of vested interests and Party fortunes, is to be crushed if possible with a vindictiveness and a calculated deliberation that had better have been used against the Hun in our midst.

The "Hampshire" Scandal.

When will Ministers understand that the defence of the country is a greater duty—a more solemn responsibility—than the defence of Departments? To see the Secretary to the Admiralty, as I did the other night, pointing the accusing finger at the Member of Parliament who had the courage to demand a public inquiry into the tragedy of Lord Kitchener, it might have been thought that he—Sir Richard Cooper—was not the critic but the accused; not the prosecutor, but the prisoner. I entered the House while Dr. Macnamara was thumping the table and in spluttering indignation demanding to know what Sir Richard meant by his speech. *He* knew well enough. But it suited him to play the angry innocent, to pretend that in suggesting that the *Hampshire* sank as the result of foul play he was accusing sacrosanct Ministers of a hand in the murder. Would it be believed that some thirty M.P.s have demanded of the Government a public Inquiry into the loss of the *Hampshire*, and that that demand has been received with curt rudeness and simulated indignation? Look at the names. I set them all out so that readers of JOHN BULL—the only journal which trusted Kitchener in life and will stand by his memory in death—may understand that this is no Party device, no mean and paltry trick to annoy or inconvenience Ministers: Sir Godfrey Baring, Major Hunt, Mr. Joynson Hicks, Colonel Gretton, Commander Bellairs, Mr. Hogge, Sir John Rees, Sir George Reid, Sir Henry Dalziel, Sir Stuart Coats, Colonel Yate, Sir Richard Cooper, Mr. Pringle, Mr. Peto, Mr. Gershon Stewart, Mr. Nield, Colonel Norton Griffiths, Mr. Houston, Sir J. Walters, Mr. W. Roch, Mr. Newdegate, Mr. Shirley Benn, Mr. R. M'Neill, Mr. Cowan, Mr. Pratt, Mr. Strauss, Mr. Warwick Brooks and Mr. Montague Barlow. Those names represent constituencies in England and Scotland—from North, South, East and West of Great Britain comes the demand, through the nation's representatives, for a public Inquiry into the loss of the *Hampshire*. And because Sir Richard Cooper dares to bring the matter to the test of a brief debate he is classed among the criminal critics and is denounced in the House. Thank God we have such men still in Parliament!

THE LION'S SPRING.

AND THE GALLANT PART HER CUBS PLAYED IN IT.

By A. G. Hales.

SPLENDID news! At last the Germans know the massive weight of our lions rushing on their foes—steadily, sternly obeying the behest of our great warrior-leader. For nearly two years our untrained valour was kept from the onslaught until recruits had ripened into soldiers; and now, when Britain is ready in all the splendour of her might, our forces are loosed like a flood, and like a flood they will sweep onward to the Rhine. For the full length of our front, three and ninety miles, our guns are speaking to the foe in terms of iron; not in isolated growlings at far separated points, but in one deep-throated roar from end to end, until the earth grows vibrant with the shock of sound, and the heavens above echo the far-flung war, and every battery's crashing tribute to the orgy of sound is a thunderous note of vengeance, long-delayed, for deeds of rapine and of wrong. Every British gun, sending its lion-like roar across the intervening spaces, belches forth a pæan of praise to the colossal military genius who held us safe whilst foes in friendly guise stabbed at him behind the cloak of patriotism. This hour was to have been Kitchener's hour; it was the moment he laboured for, planned for, prepared for. *It is his hour*—for though his body sleeps in an unknown place beneath the foam-crested waters of the ever sobbing sea, *his work survives*—his spirit thrills our hosts. To him, more than to any ten men in these Isles, we owe the splendour of our present position. If it had not been for that great dead man our pride would have been tumbled in the dust, our greatness gone, our glory stained and tarnished. The men who tried to belittle him when living will try to batten upon his glory and take the credit of his brain fag and his toil now he has passed into the Halls of the Immortals. But the nation knows—aye, the nation knows as it always knew—the stupendous power of that master-mind. It well may be that—as our recent cartoon depicted—he is there in spirit with his soldiers, pointing the way to Berlin—the way his genius had paved and made ready. God in His inscrutable mystery only knows why a man of transcendent genius should be removed from his earthly sphere of usefulness at the eleventh hour, just when the fruit is ripe and ready for the plucking.

The British Workman's Triumph.

Great as Kitchener's glory is in this hour, there is not a British workman or workwoman who does not share it; they have "done their bit," and they have done it nobly—else where did the ammunition come from to feed the guns that have driven the Germans out of every trench along our ninety-three miles of front? You have done your work; you have done it well, men and women of Great Britain, in spite of the fact that every time there was a "crisis" of any sort, the measly politicians threw the blame on *you*. I have made the round of the ammunition works for JOHN BULL. I have gone unheralded and unsung, and have come away as I went—unknown, working for you and for the greatest journal in this hemisphere. When Mr. Lloyd George said you were a set of slackers, I went forth to see and find out the truth—and I found it. I said in JOHN BULL that the story of your slacking was a lie. My vindication and yours is written in the great advances our warriors are now making. The glory of the great advance is as much yours as the fighting forces'; they could not advance if you had not turned out the stuff. Certain men have been trying hard to be eternally "in the picture"; they did not care whom they sacrificed—you, the workers, or Kitchener, as long as they were in front of the camera. *You* were "lazy drunkards"; *he* was a "spent force." *They* only were perfect! Boys, you have done grandly; keep on doing it until our troops smash through the Brandenburg Gate.

Mr. Atkins as he Is.

What is Tommy Atkins? Tommy is an Australian sheep or cattle breeder, a Canadian lumber-merchant, a British clerk or Stock Exchange man, a navvy or a coster, a journalist or an artist, a mechanic or a gentleman's son. He's all those things and a lot more; and he's on his way to Berlin. God bless his splendid soul, and send him luck in lumps! He's the British nation in arms, and he's a winner in the end. He's English, Irish, Scotch, Australian, New Zealand and Canadian—and he's all man, every inch of him, and all of him is doing his duty like a god. He longs, individually and collectively, to hang William and Little Willie one on each side of the Brandenburg Gate, and then come marching home to take up his life work again. He has a job after his own heart now; the guns pave the way; he goes where they point, and he cleans up the mess they make. It's no picnic; it is not all as it reads in the daily press. He fights, he falls, he dies—but all the time he is doing his duty to the best of his ability. He knows there will be set-backs at certain points in the grim game, because the Huns are fighting with halters round their necks—or their leaders are—and desperate men make desperate efforts. Tommy does not expect a walk-over; he knows all about Verdun—knows the price the Germans paid there—and Tommy expects to pay a price, too, for his victory, and he is quite willing to foot the bill. He won't be disturbed if there is a check, or fifty checks; he'll just pull himself together and get on with his job. Nothing will dishearten him except an inconclusive peace, a patched-up peace—see ye to it that that iniquity is not sprung upon him by Germany's friends within our gates.

Don't Wait for the Aftermath.

The boys who are pushing their bayonets so finely and so fearlessly over those blood-soaked plains in Europe are doing their duty by you—see ye to it that you do your duty by *them*. Don't wait until the war is over—do your share *now*. Many a gallant officer will come back to civilian life with no outlook for the future; they will have sacrificed their professions and their businesses for your sake, and I know that an organisation is now afoot to help those who will have no money wherewith to help themselves. People not far removed from the shadow of our throne are interesting themselves in this movement, and I hope—and I know the Editor of JOHN BULL is in full accord with such a movement—I hope the nation will help its officers in princely fashion, for they are worthy. They must be given a chance to make new careers for themselves, either at home or in our Dominions across the seas. Think of them as they are to-day, striding at the head of their men over the shell-swept fields from which they are helping to drive the foe. Think of the poison-gas they have to face; think of the storms of lead from the machine guns; think of the rush to the enemy's trenches and the hand-to-hand fights with the steel—think of the wounds and the pain. Think of all these things endured not for glory, but for a nation's right; and then, merchant-prince and millionaire, ask yourselves if *you* are worthy if you do not open your coffers and pour out the good gold, all of which would have gone to the Huns if it had not been for these men and others like them. Think, think, think!

THE FRAUD OF THE "CONSCIENCE CLAUSE."

HOW THE OBJECTOR IS CAUGHT IN THE "ACT."

By Marie Corelli.

IT is enacted that men called up for military service *may* plead for exemption on the ground of "conscientious objection" to the gruesome business of killing their fellow-men. But though they are allowed this plea, if they *do* make such a claim they are liable to "death by shooting"! *Why* is this penalty not clearly stated in the military service papers? Why not make it distinctly understood that a man "may" plead "conscientious objection," but that *if* he does so, he is liable to be sent to France under arrest, there tried, and condemned to be shot; though his sentence be afterwards commuted to "ten years' penal servitude"? Think of it! *Ten years' penal servitude* for a man in the prime of life who is guiltless of any other crime than accepting the permission his country's Government grants him, to state his "conscientious objection" to killing, or helping to kill other men! If such a condition of things be true, then the British officials are sailing very near the wind of "Hun" practices! But I hope I have been misled. With all my heart and soul I hope the information I have received is incorrect.

A Case in Point.

There is one case I shall be very glad to have contradicted. A certain teacher at Tring's School, Peterboro' (with his service paper permission), claimed total exemption on conscientious grounds. The Local Tribunal at Peterboro' gave him exemption from combatant service only. An Appeal Tribunal was held at Northampton, where the appeal of the man against the Local Tribunal was dismissed. On April 25th he was arrested, fined £2 and handed to the Military Authorities. He applied for revision of certificate on the grounds that he was a Master at Tring's School, and that education was work of national importance. On May 1st he was released at Felixstowe, to appear again at Peterboro' Local Tribunal. Variation of certificate was refused, and he voluntarily returned to Felixstowe and was again taken into custody. On May 3rd he was sentenced to 28 days' imprisonment for refusing to sign Army papers, and on May 8th was sent to France and given 28 days' imprisonment in Field Punishment Barracks, Boulogne. On June 2nd he was court-martialled and sentenced to "death by shooting." This was commuted to 10 years' penal servitude! If this is true—and I hope to God it is not!—if all this brutality of treatment has been inflicted on a poor Schoolmaster for no other fault than pleading exemption *on the very lines the Government allows him to plead*, then British officialism is rapidly becoming as bad as Prussian militarism. This unfortunate man might be the worst of criminals—his punishment is as severe as if he had committed the most cold-blooded murder—and "ten years' penal servitude" for a mild peace-loving Schoolmaster—who, so far as his record goes, is innocent of any fault save the "conscientious objection" *which the Government itself invites and allows to be expressed*—is simply barbarous. If such is the mode of procedure, the "conscientious objection" clause should be repealed altogether. It should not be allowed to remain on the service papers, to delude men into the belief that there is any real meaning in it, or that the Tribunals will carefully consider such a plea. Or, if it is still retained, it should be made clear that it means simply "death by shooting" or "ten years' penal servitude."

Physically and Mentally Unfit.

As a matter of fact, in my view, the excuse of "conscientious objection" should never have been allowed. It affords a loophole of escape for real cowards, while wreaking manifest injustice on innocent men who may be brave as lions and yet may "conscientiously" shrink from the shedding of blood. Every "fit" man should fight for the country and the country's freedom, but there *are* men who are not only physically, but *mentally* "unfit." The mental balance of a man cannot always be correctly gauged by a military medical board, and if a "conscientious objector" is not quite "all there" in his specific form of crank, a court-martial and death sentence are hardly means of settling his brain trouble, and making him a good soldier, or even a loyal subject of the King. Such severe sentences are making a hot-bed for the propagation of future disturbance and disaffection in the realm. There should be no place in the military service papers for a conscientious objection clause which, on being tested, turns out to be a military offence. Men should understand at once, and straightway, that it *is* a military offence to object, conscientiously or otherwise, to fight for their country in her hour of need, and if this were made perfectly plain to all, a great deal of unnecessary and—if I may venture to say so—*un-British* harshness and even cruelty might be avoided. I have no personal sympathy with the "conscientious" *funk*—but I do protest against such a clause being permitted to stand when its meaning is not "exemption," but "ten years' penal servitude."

A BRUTAL DECISION.

It is difficult to believe that the President of the Local Government Board has dealt with the claim to an old age pension of Mrs. Mary Ann Joy, Tunbridge Wells, in the way reported. Mrs. Joy is an unutterable misnomer, and thus deserves the maximum of sympathy and helpfulness possible to a Government department; she gets neither. She is blind and deaf and dumb, and claimants to old age pensions must make the claim personally and also testify that they understand the questions prescribed for answer in form L.G.B. 9,795,251 (O.A.P. 1908–70, foolscap). It is obvious that she cannot comply with these requirements, and, say they, "is not entitled to an old age pension." We don't mind laying the odds that long before he is 70 the hard shell formularian who issued this flat gets *his* old age pension if he is blind and deaf and dumb, and in a lunatic asylum to boot. The Local Government Board should find a way of giving Mrs. Joy her legal pension, and paying it promptly, or else be indicted for daylight robbery.

WAR WASTE.

May we suggest to the Committee of the National Food Fund, which, "under the Patronage of H.R.H. Princess Christian, H.R.H. the Duchess of Vendôme, and H.E. the Belgian Minister," seeks to relieve the pressing necessities of "war refugees," that they should be a little more frugal in their methods of appeal to a hard-driven public? For example, a Gateshead reader proves to us that no fewer than three copies of the Committee's "Appeal for Refugees in Great Britain," together with other printed matter relating to the Fund, were recently delivered at his house, by the same post, on the same day. Whether this triplication is extended over any considerable area we are unable to say, but it is not unlikely, and we are inclined to infer a considerable slackness in the office methods of the National Food Fund. We need say no more than that at times like these such blunders entail a lamentable waste of paper and postage stamps, to say nothing of time and labour; "a penny saved is a penny earned," especially now.

"SOME" TRIBUNAL.

THE BREWER, THE PUMPURITAN AND FOUL PLAY.

The business of Tribunals is to consider every case on its merits—not to grant or withhold exemption because a man is a brewer, or a publican, or a hypocrite, or a liar, or a pumpuritan, but because he is one who, if he is fit, can or cannot be spared as a soldier. Now the other day the Truro Tribunal had before them the appeal of Mr. E. S. May, proprietor of the Chasewater Brewery. The business is said to be a very old one; Mr. May has sunk a great deal of capital in it; he has carried it on single-handed ever since the Boer War; and he told the Tribunal that if he were called up it would have to close down. Of all this we have no knowledge except what appears in the published report of the proceedings. It is, however, obviously evidence which each and every member of the Tribunal was under legal obligation to consider without prejudice. Instead, some of the members—in particular a gentleman named Jolly—comported themselves as injudicially as it is possible for persons on stump for the pump to do. For instance, when Mr. May stated that if he were called up he would have to close the business, the joyless Jolly cried out from his corner of the pew, "And a good job too." Other aqueosities gurgled to a similar tune. To the credit of one gentleman who confessed himself "a strong, uncompromising temperance advocate," he protested against mere brewer-baiting. "Let us be fair to a man, even if we hate his business," he said; and that was, and is, the right spirit. But it is monstrous that a protest of the kind should be needed, as it so frequently is on Tribunals where pumpuritans happen to be sitting as judges in such cases. With the positions reversed the teetotaler would expect to receive fair treatment from a brewer, and we are confident his expectation would not be disappointed.

NASTY TRACTS.

"HONOUR" WHERE NONE IS DUE.

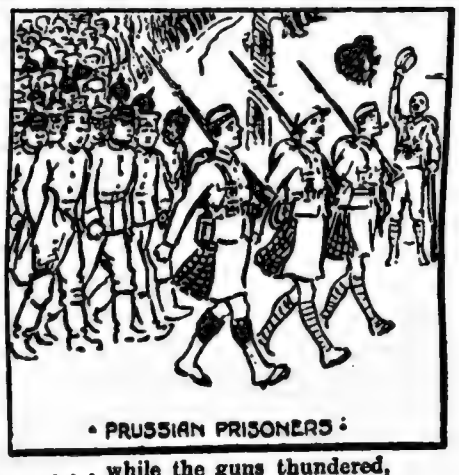
We are unable to agree with "The Alliance of Honour"—a non-sectarian religious organisation—that their khaki-covered booklets, intended for circulation among soldiers, are calculated "to safeguard and maintain the purity of young men." On the contrary, we heartily dislike these publications; they are prurient, they are suggestive, they are nasty. They have precisely the same attraction for a certain type of mind as an indecent picture or an erotic novel; their tendency is to excite the passions, and to inflame the mind with sensual images. This, at any rate, is the conclusion to which experience has brought us, and our judgment is quite unaffected by the fact that the booklets in question have apparently won the approval of the Chaplain-General to the Forces. We need hardly say that "The Alliance of Honour" are after your money; their purpose is to raise sufficient funds to distribute among the soldiers in training "a further million copies" of their nasty little pamphlet. It seems to be taken for granted that every young recruit has a consuming interest in "sex problems," and, moreover, that without the admonitions of "The Alliance of Honour" he will inevitably plunge headlong into vice. Of course, such an assumption is a ridiculous travesty of truth. It springs from a wholly false estimate of British manhood, and reveals a prurient obsession with a single class of moral problems; our opinion again being unaffected by the inclusion among the Vice-Presidents of the "Alliance" of a dozen or so of Bishops and an equal number of Non-conformist ministers, among whom is our old muck-raking friend, the Rev. F. B. Meyer. The movement has nothing to recommend it to right-thinking men.

"JOHN BULL'S" WEEKLY CINEMA.

BULL-DOGGEREL RHYMES, BY THE "BOW-WOW."

Starvation rules in Ruhleben!
The Huns' inhuman plan.
If Edward Grey can't stop it, then
We'll get someone who can.

'Mid thunders of The Day—of Doom,
The Kaiser's brain is numb
To threatening myriads' tramp, of whom
"The cry is 'Still they come'!"



. . . while the guns thundered,
Three jolly Jocks will tell
How, from the mouth of Hell,
Marched the Six Hundred.

What joy, what satisfaction deep!
The first, fine, careless rapture
Of winning, say, a Dollar Sweep,
When Anzac makes a capture!

Give the boys a rousing welcome,
"Roses white and roses red——"
Cheer the conquerors, back from Hell come,
Heroes who've for England bled.

Talk of the Huns' insensate hate—
'Tis nothing as things go,
Compared to the unhappy fate
Of "One who Wants to Know"!

A SERIOUS DEPARTURE.

JUDGE-MADE LAW FAVOURS TWO SCOUNDRELS.

An important case was recently heard at Bodmin, when charges of the gravest character were preferred against James Horace Whigham and Duncan Davison, two visitors to Falmouth. Against both prisoners the Grand Jury found "true bills" in respect of an attempt to commit an atrocious offence, a minor charge of indecency being alternatively preferred. For the defence there seems to have been no lack of money, and the services of distinguished counsel—Mr. Marshall Hall, K.C., and Mr. Travers Humphreys—were retained, every avenue of legal escape for the prisoners being diligently explored. To such "means of grace" no exception could be taken; but, unfortunately, the proceedings, from the very outset, seem to have been tainted with irregularity. Trustworthy witnesses aver that before the opening of the case there was a private conference between Mr. Justice Lawrence and the prisoners' counsel, as an outcome of which a message was sent to the prosecutors—the Crown apparently being unrepresented at the conference—that in the opinion of the Judge the major charge should be withdrawn. To this course the Crown counsel had no option but to assent, and both prisoners pleaded guilty to the lesser offence—a step which had, doubtless, been pre-arranged. There remained the question of penalties. In the ordinary way, a sharp term of imprisonment would have been awarded; but in the case of the prisoner Whigham there was some suggestion of insanity, and, finally, Mr. Justice Lawrence adjourned the proceedings in order that the defending counsel might procure a list of licensed institutions to which degenerates of this type might be admitted. On the resumption of the trial, both prisoners were "bound over" on condition that they would enter a "home," the learned Judge observing that in his opinion it was "no use punishing men who were in this depraved state of mind." Of this view we need only say that it finds no sanction in the existing law; and we particularly regret that the Judge should have so far departed from the traditions of our Courts as to substitute private colloquy for open trial in relation to a criminal charge. His further action in committing the prisoners to private asylums without any specified period of detention was an equally dangerous departure, made still more invidious by the circumstance that one of the prisoners, the principal offender, was a man of ample means.

CRASS CRUELTY.

LENIENT SENTENCES FOR INHUMAN CONDUCT.

Charged before the Leek (Staffs) Justices with revolting cruelty to a mare, two carters, John Burnett and Arthur Dakin, explained that "they were trying to break her in, in order to sell her." Evidence of their brutal methods was furnished by the testimony of an eye-witness, a Miss Annie Cook. A brief extract from her sworn statement will indicate the general nature of the charge:—

> The defendant Burnett had the reins and whip, and Dakin was thrashing the animal at the back of the forelegs with a heavy hedge-stake. Burnett had hold of the whip, and was beating the animal about the head and body. After a few minutes Dakin picked up the hedge-stake and struck the animal with all his might with it, taking both hands, and the animal fell down.

It is possible, of course, that Miss Cook may have been mistaken as to the respective parts played by the defendants in this bout of cruelty, but upon the main points her evidence was unshaken; and, indeed, it was substantially corroborated by P.C. Taylor, who, upon the complaint of Miss Cook, examined the horse for himself. His evidence was confirmed by Inspector Waters, of the R.S.P.C.A.—no witnesses being called for the defence except the two defendants, who were content with a blank denial. The Magistrates, however, "did not think it possible that any man could be so brutal as to strike an animal in the way alleged," and so touching was their faith in human nature that they dismissed the case against Dakin, fining the defendant Burnett £2 10s. and costs. We have much less difficulty than the Leek Magistrates in believing the charges against Burnett, and we hold that in the circumstances disclosed the sentence awarded was a mockery of justice.

CHILD'S LIFE AND A DOG'S LIFE.

TWO BRAVE MEN AND THEIR RESPECTIVE REWARDS.

At Calow, not far from Chesterfield, is a disused well. Some time ago, a little girl fell into it. Three men came to the rescue; Fred Lilley stepped with one foot into a bucket and the other men lowered him down by a clothes-line. He picked the child out of the water and slime and was hauled to the top, but just then her arm, all greasy with slime, slipped through his one-handed grip, and she dropped back to the bottom. Down again went Lilley; a second time he brought the girl to the surface, and a second time she slid through his grasp. So, of course, Lilley went down for a third time. He could only see her foot above the water, but he got the girl out, and this time they were both hauled to the top. In the case of the child, artificial respiration was necessary, but persistence brought her round from the valley of the shadow. When Lilley's work was done and that precious life saved, he discovered that his shoulder was dislocated, and that meant six weeks out of work. From the County Police Office he received a grant of £1, which the gallant fellow shared between the men who had held the rope. A year later, when the well was dry and the bottom covered with wood and stones, Willis Pemberton, a miner, heard the howl of a dog, and found the poor brute imprisoned in the well. He got a ladder, propped it down the well, descended, and rescued the dog. At Chesterfield Police Court Pemberton was handed 10s. from the county branch of the R.S.P.C.A., 7s. 6d. to buy a licence for the dog, which he wanted to keep, and the silver medal of the Royal Humane Society. Now, Pemberton was a brave man. But so was Lilley. Pemberton rescued a dog. Lilley saved the life of a child. Lilley's heroic efforts cost him six weeks of unemployment, and we think something is still due to him. The silver medal of the Royal Humane Society should, at the very least, be his.

PENNIES AND THE KIDDIES.

THIN CHILDREN AND TALKATIVE POOR LAW GUARDIANS.

Brentford Guardians are still discussing whether their children are starved, half-starved, or over-fed. The Children Committee reported that Mr. Cohen had prepared "a very valuable report" dealing "very fully and very ably with the dietetic values of foods." In fact, the report was so valuable and able that the Committee resolved not to act upon it, but to jog along in the old unsweet way. One member proudly stated that in one of the Scattered Homes "sausages, lobster, bullock's heart, and liver were used." But it was not for the children; it was for the "mother." Mrs. Palmer attacked Mr. Cohen once more, remarking in a ladylike way that she supposed "this advertised him in JOHN BULL. If he liked it, let him have it." We have only to say that we do not exist for the purpose of advertising Mr. Cohen, but we have noticed his efforts on behalf of the children, and it is work that appeals to us. If this journal acts like a red rag upon the nerves of Mrs. Palmer, the fault is not ours. We would gladly give her the advertisement of much praise if she would afford us the opportunity.

£1,000 FOR A CUSTOMS OFFICIAL.

WHAT HE WILL DO WITH THE GREAT PRIZE.

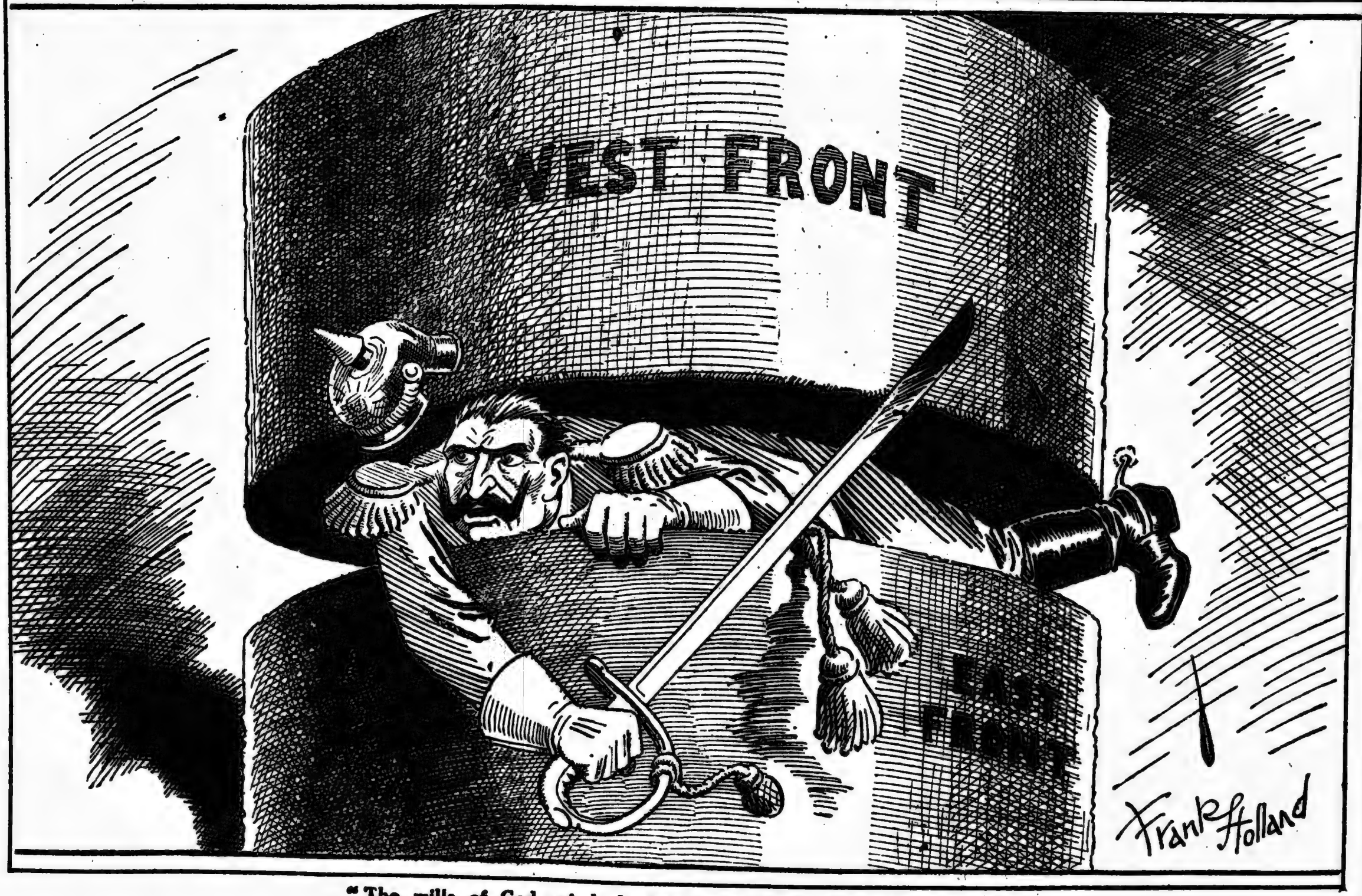
Mr. Geo. E. Sheahan, of 81, Cobourg Street, Plymouth, the winner of the £1,000 in our 193rd "Bullets" Competition, writes:—

> Thanks ever so much for the splendid prize you have awarded me; it is superfluous to say that I shall always remember JOHN BULL with gratitude. As regards your request for personal information: I am an officer of Customs and Excise. I hail from the Emerald Isle (Limerick). I have been stationed in England for the past twelve years, and came to "glorious Devon" about eighteen months ago. I don't know that there's anything else I can say about myself except that I hope to invest the bulk of the prize in Exchequer Bonds.

We are glad to hear that Mr. Sheahan intends to turn his windfall to such good use.

"Everywoman's" is gaining popularity every day.

BETWEEN THE MILLSTONES.



"The mills of God grind slowly, but they grind exceeding small."

July 15th, 1916.
JOHN BULL.

"Push" and Go—To Berlin

KITCHENER

By THE

YES, we can all cheer now. The sad Willies, the Doubting Thomases, the men who for months have drawn the long face of despair—what a change! It is so easy to shout when everyone is shouting; it is so nice and comfortable to go with the stream—and now the shout is all of victory—the current is along the river of Triumph. But there have been a few, just a few, who in the darkest moments never doubted the ultimate issue, never questioned the splendid spirit of our men, or that the glorious traditions of the British race would once more be upheld. "I believe"—there is just as much a Creed of Race as a Creed of Religion—"I believe," and never shall weaken in my faith, that *we* are God's Chosen People. The British Empire is and will remain the greatest community of men for the good of mankind. It is to-day stronger than it has ever been since first our ocean pioneers crossed the waters to the waste lands of the earth. The fires of trial, the testing crucible of war—we needed them; they have re-made us, and so sure as I see in anticipation the flags of the Allies fluttering in the proudest streets of Berlin, so I picture a greater British Empire rebuilt out of the blood and tears of this world-war.

They have Called me Names.

Looking ahead? Certainly. That is my business—that I take to be the duty of any man who has a great journal for his pulpit and millions of readers for his congregation. And need I say I look ahead in the "sure and certain hope" that victory is only waiting to be won? It is "Push" and Go—to Berlin. I have never doubted it—never. Some of my friends—particularly journalistic friends who have fed their readers on fear, and painted the grey hours black—have called me names because I have put the brush of Faith over the dull colours in the months that are gone. I have been called the "Incurable Optimist." I have been criticised as the "Fatuous Optimist." Well, I glory in my shame. If it has been my crime to keep up the public heart in the hours of tribulation, then hang me from the nearest tree—and if the rope doesn't break, my name is not Optimist. If it be a crime to keep our spirits high, to preach always the unalterable gospel of Britain's Destiny, to cry Victory as our men march to the assault, to declare Defeat impossible and Triumph sure, then count me a villain of the deepest dye!

Stick It, Lads!

We shall get to Berlin, not because of the Pessimists and the "wet crows" of humanity, but because of the splendour of our fighting men. What, think you, would be the fate of British arms if when our fighters went into battle, their leaders predicted defeat and croaked of coming death? No, with Faith in their hearts and the cry of Victory on their lips, they have been beating back the Germans in these first moments of the Great Push with British pluck and British confidence. Just as the full and true story of the Sea Fight has confounded the croakers and given the lie to that anæmic Admiralty scribe who shocked the Empire with his bloodless message, so the battle tale from the Western front is a tale of indomitable spirit and of unmatched courage. I knew that when our fellows got their chance they would prove worthy of the old stock—that they would show we can still breed soldiers true to type. Think of it! A few months ago men who have won undying honours in France and Flanders were in the shop and at the desk. Pale-faced, soft young fellows with never a thought above the colour of their socks or the latest film at the cinema! But they were only outwardly "soft." The true—yes, the Divine—fire was within, needing but the kindling light of Patriotism; and to-day they are a match for the finest trained soldiers of the Kaiser—they can take captive the vaunted Prussian Guard. We are proud of them. Let them be proud of us. While we read their imperishable tales of prowess and of endurance, let them learn nothing from home but what is of good report. It is "Push" and Go—to Berlin; we have the Hun on the run, and he will run to the Rhine. So come, lads, a long "Push" and a strong "Push," and a "Push" all together. *You* know that Kitchener—"K. of K."—is watching you; and you will not fail him. He believed in you—and you will justify his faith.

What are *We* Doing?

So while the guns are thundering in the Battle of the Somme, playing their mighty overture to the biggest war drama the world will ever see—"'Push' and Go—to Berlin"—let us consider how we stand at home. What are *we* doing—what part are we taking? When the question is asked, "What did *you* do in the great War?" let every one of us—Tinker and Tailor, Publicist and Politician—be able to say, "I helped in the great work." And at a time when Ireland is once more in the melting-pot of contending Parties, we, as a People, must see to it that nothing is done to jeopardise victory, that no step is taken which may weaken our Imperial power in the hour of triumph. There is for me only one testing question at this hour. Whether it be restricting the liberties of the law-abiding or giving new licence to rebels, I ask, "Is it for the good of the Empire; will it hasten the hour of victory?" I wish I could answer in confident tones when I look to Ireland. What a century of tragedies floats up at her very name!

"The lovely and the lonely bride,
Whom we have wedded, but have never won."

What are *we* doing—what are we going to do, now? In Heaven's name I beg of our politicians to make no more mistakes. We have had enough of Irish blunders. At one time cruel coercion, at another cruel and criminal weakness. "Be just, and fear not." Surely that is the motto to inscribe over the doors of Dublin Castle. We have not been just in the past; and goodness knows we governed Ireland, in those months of weakness and indecision which ended in bloodshed and murder, with cringing fear. I am not going to say anything to embitter the situation, but that Commission's Report is humiliating reading. When *will* our rulers learn to rule—when will our governors begin really to govern?

Still Quarrelling.

And now Parties are divided once more. Again we have had Cabinet quarrelling and threats of resignation.

IS WATCHING!

HE EDITOR.

Stick It, Lads! . .
The Only Danger.

Perhaps the Ministerial differences may be composed—I have my doubts. That blessed—or is it fatal?—word "compromise" may once more prevail and the Coalition be saved. But what of Ireland—and, even more important, what of the Empire? We have seen the dire results of weak government. Dare we hope that the Muddlers of Whitehall, the Drones of Downing Street, have seen wisdom and learned their lesson? When I read of the splendid bravery of the lads of the Ulster Division I can hear the cry with which they charged over the front lines of the enemy's trenches—"No surrender, boys!" And I shudder to think in what different circumstance and over what different ground that cry, stubborn and resolute, might have been heard if the challenge of the Hun had not silenced civil strife and called the sons of Ireland from drilling at home to fighting at the front. Still, there *has* been fighting at home—and what a sad and sorry picture it has left in our minds! That fighting has ceased. But the rebellious spirit which began it continues. Of that there is no doubt. I warned Mr. Birrell—that unhappy and now broken politician; he would not heed the warning. The ready laugh of incredulity, the fatal and facile joke, were all he had to meet the coming danger. What is the position to-day—is it one of peril or of peace? While Ulstermen and Nationalists are fighting like brothers against the foe, we must "hold the pass" for them at home. They must return to share in peace the comradeship of war. I am terribly afraid that the politicians, to escape their present difficulties, are gambling on the Future. This is the politicians' muddle. I blame the Government which permitted first the Carsonites and then the Redmondites to defy the law, just as I blame that Government for all the bloodshed and misery born of that initial weakness. Theirs the crime; theirs the guilt. If now they betray the loyal, or pander to the King's enemies, the blood will be upon their own heads.

The Birth of Armageddon.

Soon we shall be celebrating the second anniversary of the birth of Armageddon. "Celebrating"! Yes, we have everything as a People to be proud of. Since the first roll of the drums which called an Empire to war, the heart of the nation has been sound. The People, with the instinct and the traditions of their race, saw clearer and saw farther than the Politician. One man they trusted. He has been taken from us—not as that poor, puny parson, groping in the darkness of fanaticism, would have us believe, because we trusted him too much—but because we allowed the politician to weaken his power and sap his strength. If his colleagues had trusted him as *we* trusted him, Lord Kitchener would never have gone on that journey—he would never have been stripped of responsibilities the exercise of which would have kept him at home as the guiding and directing hand. He left Whitehall because the War Office had ceased to possess a head furnished with all-compelling powers. Now that he has paid the price, now that the irreparable loss has been "repaired" by the appointment of a civilian successor, I say this to the politicians: Lord Kitchener's death, poignant and deplorable as it is, will not have been in vain if it teaches you the true meaning of unswerving loyalty, and determines you to work together, without jealousy and without personal intriguing, for the common good and an Allied victory. Leave the soldiers to do the soldiers' job. Let our sailors, who have again swept the German from the seas, reap the proper fruits of their gallantry and their sacrifice. But for you, the British Navy would have strangled Germhuny months ago. It is you who decreed a weak hold on the food and the throat of the enemy, just as the "hidden hand" has protected the wealthy German in our midst and made it possible for thousands of Huns to remain at large.

The Cry in Every Heart.

We shall "go" to Berlin—yes, and sooner than the faint hearts imagine. What do I mean? Not that with metal and blood, over sheaves of enemy dead, we shall mow our way through the devastated fields of death to the capital of Imperial Germany—not necessarily that. The great "push" has begun—the tide of battle, which through long months inevitably flowed against us, has now turned. The waters of victory are lapping across the blood-soaked land of Belgium—the first ripples have already reached Berlin. From the East the waves of Triumph are swelling across the plains—Russia and Italy are joining in the great push. "To Berlin" is the cry in every heart, the hope in every prayer. Nothing can stop the inevitable march of the conquering hosts. And long before the soldiers of the Allies sing their songs of Victory in the streets of Berlin, the tidal waves of Triumph will have flooded the Prussian capital and engulfed the Hohenzollern in catastrophe. That is my picture—I see it as clearly as I see the sun at 11 a.m. And when that Hour of Triumph strikes; when we reap the harvest of all our efforts and garner in the grain of victory, sown in blood and tears, I want to be certain that *we* shall have done all that we could to make our triumph overwhelmingly certain. There are a thousand ways in which we can tighten the strings, and strengthen the machine which is to crush the Hun everlastingly.

The Only Danger Now.

But here let me utter a word of gravest warning. There is a very real danger ahead—it is the danger of Peace. I once used the phrase, "when Peace breaks out." It had a cynical sound, I grant you—but it is full of solemn meaning. Will you, just for a moment, remember two facts—facts which in the crash of arms we are apt to overlook? First, bear in mind that all the Royal Houses of Europe are more or less related by blood ties to each other; and, secondly, that all the big *Financial* Houses are in much the same position. *Then* you will understand why there is a danger of a premature, inconclusive, patched-up Peace. Blood is thicker than water—and the blood of Family and of Interest is thickest of all. *That* is why we don't intern all aliens; *that* is why we don't kick certain traitors out of the British Peerage; *that* is why we don't confiscate the millions of German wealth now in our hands. This is no time for mincing the truth. You, the People of Britain, have reposed in me a great trust—and I, at any rate, will neither betray nor deceive you. *Be on your guard! Remember, Kitchener is watching!*

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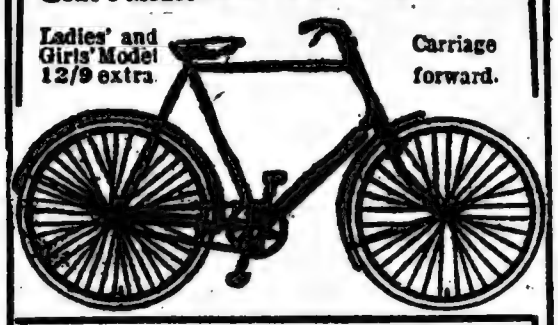

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FLOUTING THE DOCTOR.

MAGISTRATES AND MEDICAL EVIDENCE.

At the Bingley (Yorkshire) Police Court, Herbert Rogerson, a young man with a good record of active service at the Front—evidenced by an injury to his left arm—was charged at the instance of P.C. Harper with drunken and disorderly conduct and with "obstructing the police in the execution of their lawful duty." According to P.C. Harper, Rogerson was drunk; but shortly after his arrest the prisoner desired to be examined by a medical man, and a Dr. Marquis was called in and reported:—

> The prisoner was asked to repeat difficult words which he did promptly and accurately, and to repeat a test-phrase—very difficult for a sober person to pronounce—at which he made a fairly good attempt. He walked a straight line, balanced well, and went through other performances without hesitancy, and he (the doctor) had not the least hesitation in forming the opinion that the man was sober.

Dr. Marquis went so far as to assert that no smell of alcohol could be detected in Rogerson's breath; a fact which sufficiently disposed of the police contention that he had "pulled himself together." There seems to have been no reason whatever to question the truth of the doctor's conclusions; but the Magistrates preferred to turn a deaf ear to the medical evidence, and convicted the prisoner, fining him ten shillings. Having regard to Rogerson's excellent military record, the Magistrates were "sorry that he should have been placed in that position." So are we—sorry Rogerson should have had the misfortune to meet with that Bingley constable, and to be tried by the soulless occupants of the Bingley Bench.

AN "ACT OF GOD."

CHAPEL TRUSTEES AND A MORAL CLAIM.

At Shifnal, in Shropshire, there was a Wesleyan Chapel, and on the chapel there was a spire, and on the spire there was no lightning conductor; and some time ago the spire was struck by lightning and fell, and great was the fall thereof—so great that severe damage was inflicted upon neighbouring property. Then arose a grievous dispute between the owner of the damaged houses and the authorities of the chapel, who were unwilling to accept liability for what they piously—and shrewdly—regarded as an "act of God." A lengthy correspondence ensued; the owner of the battered bricks and mortar wrote claiming £50 compensation for loss and depreciation both to the letting and selling value, in consequence of the lack of a lightning conductor; but the "chapellers" were not to be drawn. In the course of a lengthy reply, the Superintendent Minister explained that at a meeting of the Chapel Trustees it had been decided "that the claim be not entertained." This thrifty resolution was unanimous; but, wrote the parson, "if the Trustees felt that they were only morally responsible for the assumed damage, they would pay the amount you claim as honourable men." In the face of this declaration, we venture to hope that the matter may be open for reconsideration; for that the house-owner has suffered extensive damage appears to us to be beyond question. In all likelihood, the damage to the spire was covered by insurance, and the chapel authorities might well spare a few crumbs from their table for the benefit—not to follow the parable too strictly—of the stranger at their gate.

RACING NOTES.

By "THE SQUIRE."

Gatwick is the meeting set for this week. There on Friday I think STEADY TRADE has an excellent chance in the Horseshoe Handicap. The Manor Double Handicap (1st class) should be won by COLOUR SYSTEM; the Home Bred T.Y.O. Plate by SILVER WAND*; and the Hollybush Selling Plate by WHITE CLIFF.

On Saturday, Arius*, who missed a race at Newmarket to be kept for this meeting, looks good for the Gatwick three-year-old Cup, but will have something to do to beat POPINCAOL. The Manor Double Handicap (2nd class) contains a bad lot, and perhaps JOY WHEEL will prove the best of them. The Crabbet Plate can bring out such as Publican and Gros, the Samphire c. and the Chelandry f. The last two are trained by F. Hartigan, and the selected should win. SCOTCH DUKE should win the Emlyn Plate.

The "SPECIAL" containing full selections for the meeting is now on sale, and can be obtained from Messrs. ODHAMS LTD., 93, Long Acre, W.C. (price 6d.); wire orders should be addressed to me, c.o. JOHN BULL,

£10 REWARD.

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The following have sent in correct claims:—

F. BOLTON, 1, Park Terrace, Landsend, Chippenham. June 24th. 552,851.

G. BAILEY, 5, Tyrrell's Buildings, Maidenhead. June 24th. A060,325.

A. E. ROCKETT, 57, Highfield Road, Moordawn, Bournemouth. June 17th. A068,503.

S. E. GEMMELL, 62, Montrose Street, Belfast. June 17th. 115,620.

RALPH COCHRANE, Church Avenue, Chopping-[illegible] 262,984.

F. CHEATER, 142, Twyford Avenue, Portsmouth. June 17th. A336,619.

The following are the fifty numbers for our issue of July 8th:—

016,469	307,296	646,725	863,931	A133,826
038,592	348,527	651,873	918,540	A182,257
076,215	369,053	675,329	930,625	A190,338
124,671	372,484	728,901	962,706	A218,734
145,980	418,691	743,694	989,093	A227,275
187,352	440,372	750,031	997,518	A258,248
236,764	476,226	768,487	A018,764	A295,576
250,841	520,308	795,384	A056,220	A334,399
273,065	581,827	802,973	A077,531	A359,004
285,190	600,521	837,565	A102,415	A386,452

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The Fifty numbers in respect of this week will be announced in our next issue (published July 19th.)

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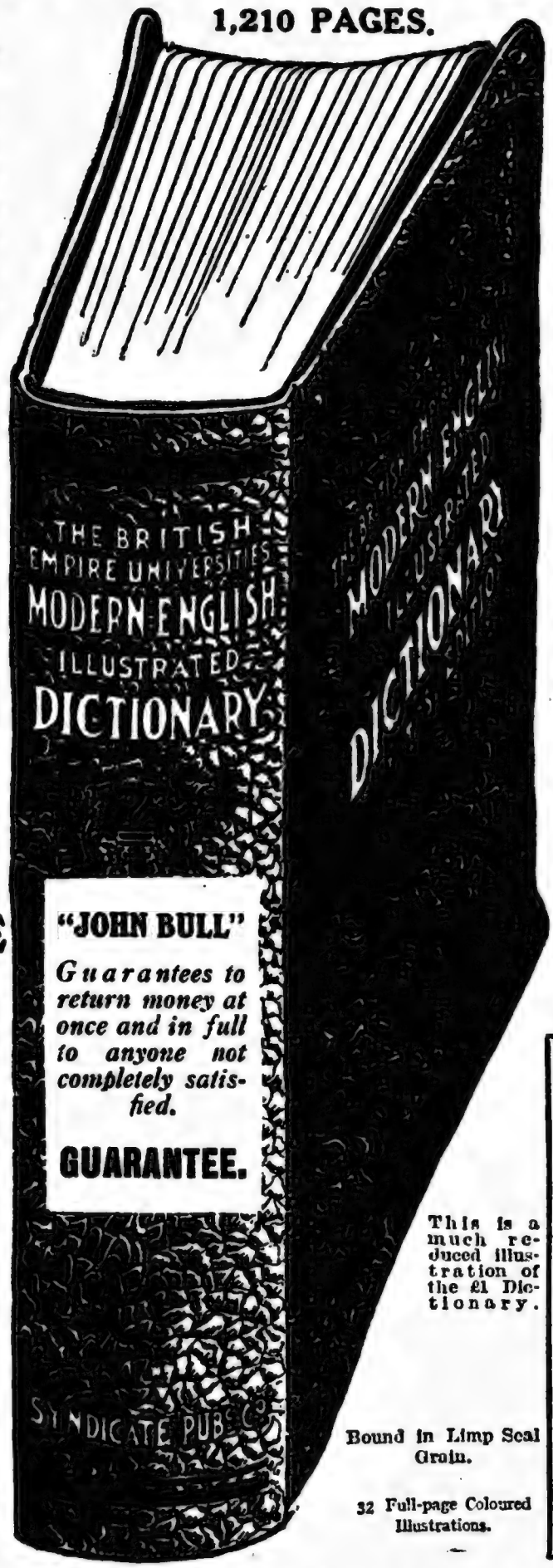

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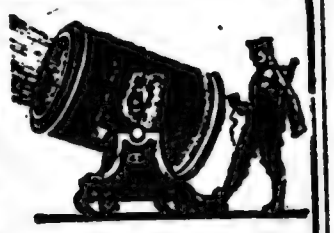

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IN THE BARBER'S CHAIR.

CHATS WITH CUSTOMERS.

MR. BIRRELL.

Did'n expeck to see you so soon, sir. Thought p'raps you'd be glad to keep outer sight fur a w'ile. . . . No, sir, I ain't rubbin' it in. . . . *No?* You don't meanter say you're agoin' to grow a merstarsh an' beard? Want to 'ide yore *h*identity? Well, I don't altergether blame yer. Arfter the slatin' the Royal Commission give yer it ain't surprizin'. I see they say you was primarily responsible fur the Irish rebellion. I sed the same from the first. I didn't want no Royal Commission ter tell me *thet*. I cud see it fur meself. But even then I don't altergether blame yer. Not in a way, at enny rate. I looks at it like this 'ere. There was you, a lit'ry gent with a gentle outlook on human nacher, pitchforked into the 'ardest job in the British Guvment. You wasn't fitted fur it. You was more sooted ter write nice little essays an' things about birds agreein' in their little nests, an' flowers perfoomin' the *h*evenin' *h*air, an' the sorter tender thoughts an' feelin's they awakes in the human breast, etcetra, than rulin' a bloomin' distracted country like Ireland. But w'ere you went wrong, sir, was in takin' on the job. Shorely you, 'oo makes out in yore books as you knows ser much about human character, knoo a bit erbout yore own? You muster known you wasn't the sorter cove to keep order at a free fight. Now, serpose somebody come along an' ses ter me, "'Ere, barber, you're a good 'and at yore prerfesshun, an' can cut an' shave as well as anybody. Now, I wancher to take on a dressmakin' erstablishment o' mine wot's got into a fair old tangle. The diff'rent departments is tearin' each other's 'air orl day long, an' orl the gals there spend their time tellin' each other they ain't no better then they oughter be. Consequently there ain't no business doin', not to speak of. Take it on, an' I'll pay you five thousan' a yer." Now, sir, jew think I'd take on the job? Not me! I knows me limits. The stiffest w'iskers ain't got no terrers fur me, but if there's anythink on earth I'm scared of it's a mob of screechin', squabblin' wimmin. I sh'd say, "No, not in these trarsers. You want a lion tamer fur yore job." Now, thet's the persition *you* should 'ave took up w'en they offered you the Chief Secretaryship. So wot in the name of Mike led jew ter serpose you'd make a do of it in Ireland? . . . *Thought yore mild methods would prove more effectual than the sterner ones previously tried?* I see. Thort you'd ack the blessed peacemaker. Well, you know wot 'appens to '*im* as a rule. 'E is made to go through it. Well, thet's wot's 'appened to *you*. Still, I ain't agoin' ter rub it in, though I must say 'e is a rum sorter peacemaker wot keeps away from the fight most of the time. *Jest trim round the cars?* Yessir, cert'n'y, sir. You don't bear no malice? . . . That's right, sir. Now we'll git on, an' say no more erbout it. . . .

TALKS WITH NOTORIOUS HUNS.

VON HINDENBURG.

BY OUR OWN NEUTRAL.

When I reached von Hindenburg's headquarters, I found that celebrated general making hurried preparations for a hasty departure.

"Ha, mein general!" I said, "how goes it? Whither away?"

"I indeed wither away shall if the All Highest much longer on the run me keeps. Ach, Himmel! Till the end of the war from front to front I condemned am to jump."

"But surely the Crown Prince can hold the French without your aid?" I suggested.

Von Hindenburg contorted his ferocious countenance into a heavy scowl. "It is the face of the Crown Prince to save that I sent shall be," he said. "The All Highest for another scapegoat looks. After von Moltke, von Hindenburg—I my doom know. The fury of the French withstand nothing can. The cold, determined courage of the British withstand nothing can. The inexorable advance of the Russians withstand nothing can. The relentless pressure of the Italians withstand nothing can. All this the All Highest knows. He in a hole is. For him no way of escape lies. He for a victim looks. Not his son, who at Verdun hundreds of thousands of lives thrown away has. But I, von Hindenburg, or von Mackensen, the brunt must bear. Of me wooden statues erected have been. In me nails driven have been. Nails in my coffin! Ach Himmel! What it is?"

An Orderly rushed in and stood stiffly at attention, with a paper in his hand. Von Hindenburg snatched it.

"You will oppose the Russian advance in Galicia—Wilhelm," he read.

Von Hindenburg looked at me, his face working convulsively.

The same instant another Orderly entered hurriedly. Von Hindenburg snatched his message, and again read:

"You will oppose the Italian advance in the Trentino—Wilhelm."

"The All Highest me for a spring eel Jack takes," he shouted. "In two places at once I be cannot!" he yelled, giving a flying kick to the retreating Orderly, who in his hurried departure butted into yet a third who was advancing at the double with the familiar telegraphic message. The famous general grabbed the document:

"You will oppose the British advance with all the force available—Wilhelm."

Von Hindenburg fell into a chair.

"There are three foes, but one Hindenburg only," he muttered.

"You had better face the one most to be feared," I advised, "or go and surrender to the one from whom you can expect the most generous treatment."

"They the one and the same are," he said. "The British."

"What?" I exclaimed, "not the 'contemptible little British Army'?"

Von Hindenburg gave me a suspicious glance. "You either a fool are," he said, "or my leg pull would. Go! I pack for the Western front."

PAINFUL FOOT TROUBLES AND HOW SOLDIERS CURE THEM.

How a common saltrates bath compound, obtainable for a few pence, from any chemist, forms strongly oxygenated medicinal water with wonderful curative powers.

A novel means of gaining quick relief from the misery of sore, tired, tender, corny, calloused feet that ache, burn, itch, blister, swell, smart and perspire. Also marvellously effective for any serious skin disorders or blemishes.

A soldier home on leave from the front was recently describing how he cured the distressing foot tortures so often inseparable from service in the trenches. He stopped all his suffering and constant misery by simply resting his feet occasionally in hot water containing common saltrates. This imparted such refreshing and exhilarating tonic properties that he tried using the saltrates in his bath water, with the surprising result that a most persistent itching, burning and disfiguring affection of the skin entirely disappeared.

"Why," exclaimed two of his companions, "that is no news to us. Everybody knows of ordinary Reudel Bath Saltrates, and it can be had from any chemist in England for about 2d. an ounce. Application of this curative water as a bath or in the form of wet cloth packs is the pleasantest and surest way to stop not only foot troubles, but also any bad skin affections, such as psoriasis, eczema, urticaria, acne, mosquito bites, prickly heat, pimples, sores, boils, and ordinary summer nettlerash. It even banishes rheumatic pain or muscular stiffness, and as for corns, they soon come right out, root and all." "Yes," broke in a third speaker, "and no wonder the saltrates compound is so effective, when you know its composition. I had a sample analysed, and found it to be practically an exact British reproduction of the natural curative oxygenated and strongly medicinal waters of Aix-les-Bains, Eilsen, Aix-la-Chapelle, and other celebrated oxygen springs. The saltrates compound, like the waters of these springs, LIBERATES LARGE QUANTITIES OF FREE OXYGEN, which is Nature's own purifier, antiseptic, and bactericide. It not only stimulates and invigorates the skin, but also tones up the entire system. The health-giving power of oxygen is as freely exercised in these Reudel Saltrates as it is, for instance, by the ozone of pine forests or mountain heights." "My wife," he continued, "regards this remarkable compound as an indispensable toilet adjunct to free the complexion of all blemishes and keep it fresh, clear and beautifully soft as satin. One lucky day, when my razor 'pulled,' I added a pinch of the saltrates to my shaving water, and found it softened the hair so much that I never before enjoyed such a smooth, velvety shave."

"Well," said the first speaker," I thought I might be bringing you chaps some news, but it seems everybody at home here knows all about Reudel Bath Saltrates, and I might have known as much when I found there was no difficulty whatever in getting the ordinary ½ lb. packets at such slight cost from any chemist."

NOTE.—There has as yet been no rise in the price of this compound, but as in the case of all drugs during the War, a sharp advance is to be expected at any time.

Use Kalsel for liver disorders.—ADVT.

JOHN BULL
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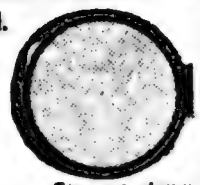
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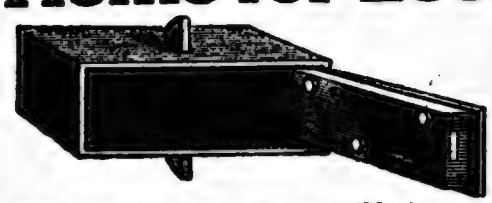

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IMMEDIATE HELP FOR DEPENDENTS OF OUR SOLDIERS AND SAILORS.

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A woman whose soldier-husband recently died has a little boy and girl seriously ill. She suffers from epilepsy herself, and therefore cannot go out to work. The little home was in a wretched condition until the assistance of our fund was sought.

The father of a soldier died suddenly. He was a tradesman, and did not wish to deplete his son's weekly money by accepting an allotment. As an act of grace the boy has been allowed to send his mother 3s. 6d. a week, but she receives no Government separation allowance. Here, again, we acted promptly.

An old soldier lost his wife, and soon afterwards was officially informed that his son had fallen in action. The double blow was too much for the poor fellow, who died, leaving two children in the care of an aunt whose circumstances are not of the best. Some debts were due, and the children lacked clothing. We were glad to send the necessary assistance.

A man for seven years before enlistment did occasional Post Office work. He has now been sent back to civil life for medical reasons. He is fit to resume his old employment, but his applications have been refused, and he therefore has to live on his pension of eightpence a day. He has several children (who naturally wanted clothing), and an accumulation of small debts. He found more of the milk of human kindness in Long Acre than he did at St. Martin's-le-Grand.

A man was recently discharged from home service in a dying condition, and subsequently passed away. In such circumstances no pension is granted. The poor widow is unable to work for herself and four children owing to illness, and we took steps to help her until she is fit to go out again.

A soldier injured his hip while training last year. He "carried on," with difficulty and usually in pain, for five months — when a Board of Military Doctors made the belated discovery that a bone had been broken. He has been discharged, and is now in an infirmary. His wife and seven small children are existing as best they can. We sent immediate help.

A Tommy out taking part in the advance in France has not yet been informed that his baby boy died the other day. A second child—a little girl—is lying in a fever hospital, and the poor mother is ill herself. She was also, not unnaturally, in debt—so we were able to show our sympathy in a practical manner.

A soldier died while serving in England. Before his enlistment he had kept a comfortable home. His widow, who is without a pension, went out bravely to work; she recently, however, broke down under the strain, and is now at home ill. She has two children, and her only income is 10s. a week State Insurance money. As soon as we heard of the case, we acted.

It is becoming increasingly manifest that—if our workhouses are not to be crowded after the war, and if the army of hawkers and kerbstone merchants is not to be enormously increased—the present scale of pensions must be revised. It is absurd and cruel to throw a man back on civil life with a pension of 4s. 8d. a week when the poor chap is unable to work, and, as happens in too many cases, has a young family to keep. We are constantly visited by such men, who have all the same tale to tell—a story of bitter struggle, want and starvation. The greatest and richest nation in the world should do better than this. Some of the unfortunate men tell us that they regret that they were not put out of the miseries of this world by a merciful bullet.

A widowed mother of four soldier-sons, from whom she got the usual small allotments, died suddenly a few days ago. She was taken to the mortuary for an inquest, and in the meantime three daughters, too young to work, were left behind. The case was distressing in the extreme. Four soldier boys at the Front will have their agony of mind softened by the knowledge that we buried their mother as they would have desired.

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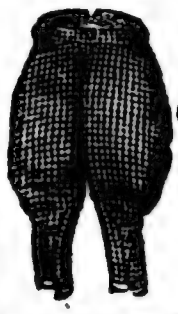
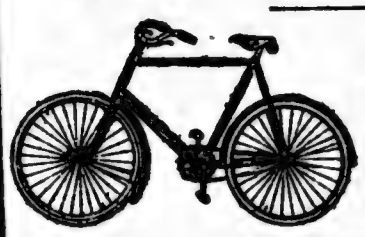
The "TOURIST" Overall Suit.
For Dust, Rain, and Wind.
Made of extra stout double texture Fawn Government Twill. All seams sewn, cemented, and taped. The Jacket is made double-breasted. The Trousers are made in the Seatless Overall Style, with apron front. Usual Price, 45/6.
Sale Price - 39/8
Trousers only, 18/9
Jacket only, 22/9
Leather Belts 1/6 each.

All-Wool CHECKS, RIDING BREECHES and GOLFING KNICKERS.



Perfectly fitted and well finished Black and White, Drabs, Greys and Coloured Over Check.

Usual Price, 30/-
Sale Price, 18/11
Patterns free.



The "J.P." CYCLE,
including all accessories for the road—Bell, 2 Lamps and Brackets, Pump and Clips, Tool Bag and Tools.
Sale Price, £4 19s. 9d.
Specification Free.
Free London. Cash with Order.

The J.P. 3,000-mile MOTOR CYCLE COVER.
Your Tyre Account:—
10 miles for 1d.
GUARANTEED.
Sale Price 25/-

Write for Free Section.

GET PIGGOTT'S SALE LIST, POST FREE.

JOHN PIGGOTT, Ltd.,
117 & 118, Cheapside and Milk Street Bldg., LONDON, E.C.

See "John Bull's" Advertisement Guarantee on page ii of cover.

"Look at that! £3 more than we gave at the 'Midland'—and not nearly so well made."

You'll believe your own eyes

There's £100,000 worth of beautifully made furniture in the "Midland" Salons; and the price is marked in plain figures on every single piece. Just compare those prices with what you see charged elsewhere. Your own eyes will tell you that

money buys more at the 'Midland'

And your own common sense will enable you to perceive *why*. The "Midland" control the actual design and manufacture of what they sell. They are thus able to save you the heavy middleman's profit which makes furnishing so expensive elsewhere, and to give you the utmost possible value for every shilling you spend.

Write for the "Midland" Book of Furniture

It is the finest and most comprehensive Guide to Furnishing ever published. It contains over 1,000 photographs actually taken inside the "Midland" Salons. A postcard brings it free.

Ideal Terms
(Town or Country).

Worth.	Per Month.
£10 -	£0 6 0
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£30 -	0 17 0
£40 -	1 5 0
£50 -	1 8 0
£100 -	2 5 0
£200 -	4 10 0
£500 -	11 5 0

Larger amounts pro rata.

10% Discount for Cash.

Dining Room Suite of distinctive design, soundly constructed of Fumed Oak, consisting of large Sideboard with inlaid panels; 3 ft. 6 in. by 2 ft. 6 in., Gate-leg Table; and 4 small Chairs and 2 Carvers with seats covered in Rexine of any colour.

£13 13s. 0d.

Rail Fares Paid
Customers' fares to town paid on all orders of £20 and over.

Country Orders
packed free of charge and forwarded carriage paid. Orders by post carefully and personally dealt with by a Special Manager.

Free Life, Fire, Zeppelin and Bombardment Insurance.

At the "Midland" customers can obtain free insurance policies whereby all furniture purchased on Ideal Terms becomes the absolute property of the wife, in the event of the death of the purchaser. All furniture thus purchased is also insured against damage by Fire, Zeppelin Bombs, or Hostile Bombardment.

Furnishing Company, Ltd.,

Contractors to H.M. Crown Agents for the Colonies,

15 to 23, Southampton Row, Holborn, W.C.

Seven doors from Holborn and Holborn Tube Station, 1 minute from British Museum Tube Station.

Hours—9 till 6. Saturdays—9 till 1.

TOMMY'S TROUBLES.

A WEEKLY TRIBUNE OF THE TRENCHES AND THE CAMP.

"On His Tin Gee-Gee."

In one of our camps in the Eastern Command we were surprised to notice the other day a mere major of Territorials who rode on to the square and was greeted with the salute usually accorded only to generals. On inquiring, we learned that the officer in question insists upon the honour. Of course, he probably knows little, if anything, about King's Regulations, and may soon order that he be received with the Field Marshal's flourish. All the same, regulations are regulations, and we commend the matter to the notice of the Brigadier-General.

Insurance Imposture.

Every Tommy is stopped threehalfpence a week for National Insurance, the explanation being that the impost is for the purpose of keeping him in good standing with his Approved Society. Hundreds of thousands of the men already serving, and the vast bulk of those who are now going up, never were and never will be insured under the State scheme, and therefore manifestly should not have the threehalfpence deducted from their pay. The only benefit derived from the insurance by a soldier while he is serving is the 30s. maternity allowance for his wife; and even this is given only to those whose husbands are in Approved Societies. It may strike an intelligent Member of Parliament that there is something wrong in hundreds of thousands of soldiers being robbed by the Government in the most barefaced way. The men who are being fleeced are usually voters, and will have something to say when the next elections are on.

Poor Mrs. Tommy!

We wish to do the best for Mrs. Atkins while her husband is away fighting. Heaven knows, her allowance is little enough in these expensive times. When the soldier's wife or child—in these days of epidemic it is too often children—goes into the infirmary, the allowance is docked to the extent of the hospital "expenses," which often spells semi-starvation for the victims. And yet the infirmaries are supposed to be charitable institutions. Even officialdom is out to fleece those whose lot it is the duty of every citizen to alleviate. This matter, too, should be raised in Parliament.

Broken Down?

We are afraid the new scheme for helping soldiers with their civil liabilities has broken down. A number of genuine cases have been placed before us in which help should have been given, but was refused. Can it be that this is another official promise of the pie-crust order?

Tommy and Jack.

Our daily post-bag never fails to contain half a dozen letters asking why it is that a soldier may send his letter home unstamped whereas the sailor has to attach the usual King's head. We can only answer that it is according to a regulation which we consider should be abolished. Tommy must not think that he has all the grievances to himself. He and his wife are in many ways better treated than the naval couple.

Snobs in Surrey.

There are many "toney" people in Woldingham, and some of whom—sad to say—turn up their noses at our wounded soldiers and the other poor chaps who have recovered from enteric. The men were allowed to walk about freely until a pow-wow was raised by the persons in question, and now they are confined to a small camp. They have been missed by some and even loved by some while they were at the front; but now they realise that there is no truth in the tag to the song so popular in the early days of the war. They are not "kissed"—in Woldingham, at least.

Medical Miscalculations.

We are out for economy, and we cannot understand why hordes of men with diseased hearts and other ailments that unfit them for soldiering are passed into the Service by our medical men. After the expense of their training for a long or short period, they break down and are sent back to civil life more or less physical wrecks. A glaring instance of this waste of the money of the State is that of a man who was discharged from an important steamboat line on account of serious heart trouble. He attested in December, and was accepted without medical examination. On joining a Corps, he was passed as fit by the local examining doctor, but was at once rejected by the Corps doctor. He was, however, called up the other day and passed by a medical board for garrison duty at home or abroad. "Doctors differ and patients die."

Oliver Twist in the Wildernesse.

The men of one unit at least in the Wildernesse Camp at Sevenoaks are gnashing their teeth because they have very little other use for them. They get about as much food daily as would satisfy a healthy boy of eight, and they complain that they are barked at when they ask for more. The victims in one company say their captain keeps on wondering why his men indulge in grousing, although he has been told several times that it is all on account of the food. Once more we suggest that where full rations—which represent a portion of the soldier's pay—are not forthcoming, the sufferers should be given the difference in money, in order that they may provide for themselves.

Blackening the Bluejacket.

In the public bar of the Royal Sailors' Rest, run by Miss Weston, is the following letter:—"H.M.S. *Warspite*, 21.12.15. The Commanding Officer, H.M.S. *Warspite* regrets very much that a man of this ship has brought such discredit upon H.M. Service. He will be punished for the offence. The Commanding Officer wishes to offer Miss Weston the apologies of the whole of the ship's company for the bad behaviour of this one man." We are certain that the Commanding Officer, when sending these lines, did not desire them to be kept on exhibition in a public place so long after they were written, thus humiliating the gallant crew. If Miss Weston has not the decency to remove the letter, some naval habitué of the Royal Sailors' Rest will probably do it for her.

MISSING MEN.

We would welcome news of the following:—

Pte. T. G. Pilcher, 1646, D Sqdn., Berks Yeo.; Pte. F. Wilkinson, C Co., 2nd Royal Bucks; Pte. W. Monger, 4743, B Co., 7th London Rgt.; L.-Cpl. Ben Davies, 2776, M. G. S., 12th K.R.R.C.; Pte. D. Lewis, 13098, The Welsh Rgt.; L.-Cpl. R. Jones, 1029, 2nd South Lancs.; Pte. W. J. Humphrey, 1523, C Co., 1-5 Norfolk Rgt.; Sgt. E. E. Doyle, 6th L.N.L.; P.O. Saml. McCutcheon Bailie, No. 10 Torpedo Boat; Pte. E. A. Bell, 16209, C Co., 1st Royal Berks; Pte. W. Catchpole, 17689, 1st Suffolks; Sgt. J. Ruthven, 7617, D Co., 1st H.L.I.; Pte. Butcher, 1-6 Devonshire Rgt.; Pte. W. Windle, 21373, 10th S.W.B.

AUSTRALIAN OFFICER.

"Coo-ee! Come on boys, light up your 'Army Club' Cigarettes and settle down to a good time. Cripes, if the folk down under don't throw up the Cigs. they've been smoking and take on these they'll be doing 'dead wrong.' We've come a 'durn' long way to take part in this scrap, but we'd go a bit further to get hold of some of these Cigarettes. They're real worth while."

CAVANDER'S

"ARMY CLUB"

CIGARETTES

20 for 9d.

50 for 1/10½.

On sale at A. Baker and Co.'s, Bewlay's, Finlay's, Selfridge's, A. W. Gamage's, Spiers and Pond's, and all other high-class Tobacconists.

Cavander's, 261, High Street, Glasgow.

Britain builds the best ships in the World.

Britain makes the best textiles in the World.

Britain brews the best Lager in the World—

ALLSOPP'S

"John Bull's" Letter Bag.

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E. B. (Cornwall) and OTHERS.—Our advice is, don't bet about the war—without, at any rate, strictly defining your terms. If hostilities ceased to-morrow, it would probably be a year before "Peace" was declared.

G. F. (Santa Cruz) says that the sooner we get back into Parliament the better. So says Markham.

A. B. (Kensington).—You will find full particulars of the career of Mr. *J. H.* Bottomley in this year's *Who's Who*. Please, however, do not confound him with the Editor.

E. B. (Leatherhead).—Agreed that the inscription on any Kitchener monument must be closely scrutinised. Also that to publish what the lost one said to the M.P.s in secret would be a breach of honour. Let us keep secret what he wished kept secret, until knowledge is safe.

"NASH" (Bethnal Green).—Better inquire at War Office "whether war badges are issued to civilian prisoners released from Ruhleben."

W. E. S. (Pansy).—A General Election on Party lines in the middle of the war would be "to madness near allied." Sorry have no spare copies of No. 1 of JOHN BULL.

W. G. J. (Forest Gate).—But might not air scouts enable the British Navy to catch Germhun warships unawares?

A. A. (Cardiff).—Your information that Arabs not British, but Turkish, subjects are being employed on Admiralty steamers, should be addressed to the Admiralty.

W. H. R. (Essex).—Can't use our "influence" to get you a job in "the Provision Department of the War Office." The fat would be in the fire at once, so don't lean on us.

A. B. and J. W. (Barkly West, S. Africa).—*re* your invention for rendering ships immune from torpedo attack, the opinion of the Inventions Board is more competent and conclusive than ours could possibly be.

"KATIE" (Maida Vale) scorns the idea of war badges for women munition workers. The brass is better used in shells, she says.

A. H. (London).—Most spirit communications are rubbish; yours that "France will accede to Germhuny's desire to partition the British Empire between them" is not an exception to the general rule.

"SUNDERLAND" (Sunderland) suggests that the entertainment tax should be applied to churches. What about churches which are not entertaining?

"WIDOW" (Cheltenham).—There are several Hughes, but he of Australia is "it."

"SCEPTICAL" (Taunton) and OTHERS.—Not all spies in this country are Germhuns. "Every man has his price"—and some women.

G. B. (Chalcot).—It is a question whether the Uncontrolled Board has not done a vast deal of harm by driving drink from the pub. into the home.

"MOTOR" (London).—If we could discover the betrayer of Kitchener, be assured he would have short shrift.

R. C. (Merton).—We agree with you that the Tribunals have exempted a great many well-placed municipal officials.

PRIVATE C. (Dunbar).—Thank you. As one who "fought from Mons down and up to the last battle of Ypres," you have done your bit and done it well.

"BRITON" (Hornsey).—Cannot say what Prince Christopher of Greece was doing in London at the time. Have not the slightest doubt Kitchener's presence on board the *Hampshire* was known to the Germhuns.

"ANTI-HUN" (Southport).—True that Lord Haldane gave £75 to a fund for extra comforts for interned Germhuns, but we do not think the better of him on that account.

S. H. W. (London, S.W.).—"Can't we find out who in Parliament, Privy Council, or State Department is giving us away to the enemy?" Don't we wish we could!

"ADMIRER" (Ipswich).—"For heaven's sake voice it out in trumpet tones that our fleet must not follow the Germhun fleet to a certain spot prepared." But vere vos dot Chermhun vleedt?

A. J. H. (Old Kent Road).—We noted Lord Headley's view that the five diseases of Britain are blindness, deafness, sleeping sickness, cocksureness, and over-politeness. Curious he should have missed out procrastination.

G. M. (King's Cross).—We spell it "Germhun" because we have lately learned to spell.

W. A. D., JR. (2 Can. Div., B.E.F.).—The Motherland *may* be dummed slow; but we trust she is dummed sure.

A. W. (Richmond).—"Why the dickens don't the Belgians go back and fight for their own country?" All countries have their loafers and leeches. Besides, some may have been incapacitated by wounds.

"ORANGEMAN" (Belfast).—It is beyond question that American-Irish and Germhun-Americans engineered and financed the Irish trouble.

W. E. M. (Stoke-on-T.).—Mr. Outhwaite, M.P.'s opinion of Mr. Hughes of Australia is that he is a fraud and a deception. Mr. Hughes' opinion of Mr. Outhwaite would be more interesting.

"AN OLD MOTHER."—We understand that Mr. Churchill no longer draws any military pay.

E. A. M. (Ringwood).—"Do I startle you when I say Lord Kitchener is a prisoner in the hands of the Huns?" Not a hair. Nobody can really startle us about anything.

"SERGEANTS, A.C." (Somewhere).—Better a Germhun shell should "carry away the top of JOHN BULL" than the tops of any of you.

W. J. (Liverpool).—In astrology there is much humbug, and many astrologers are humbugs. But that remark applies to many other "ologies"!

"BRIGHTONIAN."—So you saw us regaling ourselves after the Worthing meeting at the Beach Hotel, did you? And we "seemed a happy throng." Who could be otherwise in such a place?

J. E. S. (Islington).—"Oh, where is that New England where Englishmen can breathe afresh the native air of freedom, away from Germhun infection?" Not in Old England, anyhow.

C. W. H. (London, W.C.) says the M. R. Co. are "willing to run good boats to Douglas, but the Admiralty won't allow them to do so." The Midland won't run the bad boats, and the Admiralty want all the good ones.

"SCOTS" (Wrexham).—"Who was Cain's wife?" Don't know, and don't care.

B. R. (East Liss) suggests that when Mr. Hales accuses the Government of having sleeping sickness he talks through a hole in his socks. "People who have sleeping sickness cannot sleep at all." Have called Mr. Hales' attention to the hole.

"WELL-WISHER" (Jersey).—Jersey must have been one of the few places in the British Empire which did not fly the Flag at half-mast on the death of Lord Kitchener. Those in fault ought to be ashamed of themselves.

J. P. T. (Everton).—You will note that our view is confirmed by the Report of the Royal Commission on the Irish Rebellion. ". . . . The toleration of drilling large bodies of men, first in Ulster, . . . created conditions which rendered possible," etc.

MRS. K. (Crouch Hill).—You should never be surprised at anything. The captured Germhun officer who swore he wouldn't shave while the war lasted must now have copious whiskers.

MRS. N. J. (Irvine).—"If all munition workers would refuse to work until all the Germhuns and Austrihuns are interned——" Some of you ladies are very strong in the ink-pot.

Bann Ink Pots!

170, Birkbeck Road, Beckenham. Kent,
16 6/1916

Dear Sir,—Pen safely to hand, and I have never handled a better. After this—well, may Ink Pots be banned! Thanking you,

I remain,

C. E. WELLS.

"JOHN BULL" PEN COUPON. Value 1d.

By sending this Coupon with P.O. for 2/6 and loose 2d. stamps for postage, the holder is entitled to receive a John Bull Gold-Nibbed Fountain Pen. Additional Coupons up to 12 from "John Bull," any dates, may be saved and used in part payment, each counting as 1d. off the price. You may send 13 coupons, and P.O. for 1/6 only and loose 2d. stamps for postage. Address Pen Dept., "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C. July 15, 1916.

N.B.—State whether you prefer a Fine, Medium, or Broad Nib.

C. J. A. (Westminster).—"Extinction of Spies." Do you want *us* interned for heading a riot?

"CONSTANT READER" (Brook Green).—Certainly people should support local shops, and not see them frozen out by branches of the big concerns, which frequently pay small wages and always take the money from the neighbourhood to spend it elsewhere.

"OBSERVER" (Aberdeen).—*re* that herbal cigarette rogue, we agree that any man who can go to Aberdeen and skin the Aberdonians must be a genius.

T. A. (Bournemouth).—Hope the Board of Education will take up your suggestion that scholars should spend part of their holidays in gardens, allotments, or on farms, to help the food supply for the coming winter squeeze.

C. L. (Norwich).—We don't, of course, say that—in times like these—the pen is mightier than the sword; it is, however, certainly a "hefty" weapon—especially when of the JOHN BULL fountain variety.

S. F. (Plumstead).—We rather like your yarn of the publican, turned munition worker, who has been given the responsible job of gauging shells because he knows all about gauging beer. Being true makes it all the—funnier.

"GOSPORTONIAN."—Gosport High Street must be a slow place when a man is fined £1 for driving a motor-cycle there at six miles an hour—"to the danger of the public." Was that where a native was run over by a funeral procession?

"AN IRISHWOMAN."—If you say a Sinn Feiner is not a traitor, would you say he is loyal to the Crown? He must be one or the other.

"ONE WITH A LITTLE PERSPICUITY" (London).—If only your perspicacity were equal to your perspicuity——!

F. H. J. (Doughty Street, W.C.).—It is nice of the Pytchley Autocar Company, Northampton, to ask for a slightly disabled soldier as garage attendant, but 25s. a week seems poor pay for the work they want him to do.

W. R. C. (Chelsea) knew a vicar who had three hypocrites working for him in the parish. "W. R. C." must have missed a few in counting.

MISS W. J. (Hastings).—Each coupon you submit can contain two "Bullets," and these may be constructed from the same example or two different ones.

FRANK A. THOMSON is requested to communicate with his wife. Very urgent.

"JUSTICE."—Pensioned policemen returned to duty are paid 50s. a week, in addition to their pension of 25s. a week, while men entitled to retire on pension, but retained because of the war, get only 40s. weekly. There is inequality here, if nothing else.

C. D.—If waitresses at the Aerated Bread shops receive only 11s. weekly, less 1s. for washing and 1s. 6d. for dinner, they need what the bread gets—a rise.

R. C. F. C. (Catford).—You win the "match" in a canter. After reading our "Robbery in the Matchbox," you bought a box of vestas, finding it absolutely empty. Forwarding it, you ask our opinion. Well, there's nothing in it!

A. K. G. (Welling).—Grocer gets three months' exemption conditionally on doing welfare work for soldiers in his spare time—half-day weekly! He must be smiling.

"CHAMPNESS" (Weggeton).—"See if you can find out a tunnel, I have heard there is one, one and a half miles in length, entranc on a Roof from a Chimney." We have looked up our chimney; it seems all right. Our sweep will keep his eyes skinned on his round.

F. L. (Battersea).—Four wrappings of paper and a piece of cardboard included in the weight of ¼ lb. Brooke, Bond and Co.'s tea is "a bit too thick." But there was no string!

"HANTS."—Shipton Bellinger is a village so quiet and well-ordered that the only inn has been closed to everybody for the sale of liquor. Working-men in lodgings or huts wonder what it means, as do the soldiers.

"ROYAL MAIL OFFICER" tells us that "vessels visiting the West Indies do not fire guns," as "Merchant Mariner" suggested. "They fire a detonator (a firework from a socket in the taffrail). Besides being traditional, the signal is also necessary *re* the mails." Thanks for lucid explanation.

"PUZZLED" and OTHERS.—Correspondents asking legal questions should send their full names and addresses, together with a shilling postal order, when a reply will be sent direct by post.

A. C. (Willesden).—Lots of Raphael Tuck's postcards were "Processed in Saxony" before the war, the announcement being placed in the square for the stamp, so being hidden when posted.

F. W. L. (Lewisham).—The American Lead Pencil Co. "do not see their way to enter with you into a discussion of the pedigree of their Principals." So now you (don't) know.

"WATCHFUL."—Germans have enormous stores of goods, to be dumped here the moment war is over. You want those stores towards an indemnity. "Everything a foot high or an hour old in all that land belongs to the Allies." That is a good motto.

(A number of replies are unavoidably held over.)

An Opportunity

of saving money is offered by the "Achille Serre Service." Gentlemen and Ladies who want to reduce clothes bills and yet look well-dressed can have suits, costumes, etc., made to look just like new by cleaning and pressing in the famous "Achille Serre Way." The cost is but a few shillings. Write for List of Prices and Branches or Agents which will collect your orders free of carriage.

Achille Serre Ltd.

Head Office: Hackney Wick, London.

East 3710—4 lines.

Branches and Agencies Everywhere.

D93

When your first freshness wears off-when the miles begin to multiply — its just then that you will appreciate the superiority of the
BROOKS
-the saddle that is always comfortable
BROOKS BOOK FREE
J.B.BROOKS & Co Ltd.
92 Criterion Works
Birmingham

Debility

DO YOU KNOW the importance of rich blood? It will be evident when you consider that the entire system derives its nourishment from the blood.

¶ If the blood be poor in quality and unable properly to perform its function, the system becomes starved.

The sufferer complains of exhaustion, lassitude, loss of appetite, and depression—he is debilitated.

¶ This is when Iron 'Jelloids,' The Reliable Tonic, are needed to enrich and strengthen the blood.

As the blood becomes restored to its normal condition strength and energy return—one feels fit and well.

Dr. Andrew Wilson wrote:—"Impoverished blood can be made rich and good by means of Iron 'Jelloids,' the most effective and desirable treatment."

¶ *Ask your Chemist for a Box of 'Iron Jelloids' to-day.*

Reliable Tonic for Men.... IRON 'JELLOIDS' No. 2.
For Anæmia in Women... IRON 'JELLOIDS' No. 2.
For Growing Children.... IRON 'JELLOIDS' No. 1.

Of all Chemists, price 1/3 and 3/-, or direct from
THE 'JELLOID' CO. (Dept. 341D), 205, CITY RD., LONDON.

Iron 'Jelloids' No. 2A

(Pronounced Jell-Lloyds)

"John Bull's" Letter Bag.

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A. B. (Kensington).—You will find full particulars of the career of Mr. *J. H.* Bottomley in this year's *Who's Who*. Please, however, do not confound him with the Editor.

E. B. (Leatherhead).—Agreed that the inscription on any Kitchener monument must be closely scrutinised. Also that to publish what the lost one said to the M.P.s in secret would be a breach of honour. Let us keep secret what he wished kept secret, until knowledge is safe.

"NASH" (Bethnal Green).—Better inquire at War Office "whether war badges are issued to civilian prisoners released from Ruhleben."

W. E. S. (Pansy).—A General Election on Party lines in the middle of the war would be "to madness near allied." Sorry have no spare copies of No. 1 of JOHN BULL.

W. G. J. (Forest Gate).—But might not air scouts enable the British Navy to catch Germhun warships unawares?

A. A. (Cardiff).—Your information that Arabs not British, but Turkish, subjects are being employed on Admiralty steamers, should be addressed to the Admiralty.

W. H. R. (Essex).—Can't use our "influence" to get you a job in "the Provision Department of the War Office." The fat would be in the fire at once, so don't lean on us.

A. B. and J. W. (Barkly West, S. Africa).—*re* your invention for rendering ships immune from torpedo attack, the opinion of the Inventions Board is more competent and conclusive than ours could possibly be.

"KATIE" (Maida Vale) scorns the idea of war badges for women munition workers. The brass is better used in shells, she says.

A. H. (London).—Most spirit communications are rubbish; yours that "France will accede to Germhuny's desire to partition the British Empire between them" is not an exception to the general rule.

"SUNDERLAND" (Sunderland) suggests that the entertainment tax should be applied to churches. What about churches which are not entertaining?

"WIDOW" (Cheltenham).—There are several Hughes, but he of Australia is "it."

"SCEPTICAL" (Taunton) and OTHERS.—Not all spies in this country are Germhuns. "Every man has his price"—and some women.

G. B. (Chalcot).—It is a question whether the Uncontrolled Board has not done a vast deal of harm by driving drink from the pub. into the home.

"MOTOR" (London).—If we could discover the betrayer of Kitchener, be assured he would have short shrift.

R. C. (Merton).—We agree with you that the Tribunals have exempted a great many well-placed municipal officials.

PRIVATE C. (Dunbar).—Thank you. As one who "fought from Mons down and up to the last battle of Ypres," you have done your bit and done it well.

"BRITON" (Hornsey).—Cannot say what Prince Christopher of Greece was doing in London at the time. Have not the slightest doubt Kitchener's presence on board the *Hampshire* was known to the Germhuns.

"ANTI-HUN" (Southport).—True that Lord Haldane gave £75 to a fund for extra comforts for interned Germhuns, but we do not think the better of him on that account.

S. H. W. (London, S.W.).—"Can't we find out who in Parliament, Privy Council, or State Department is giving us away to the enemy?" Don't we wish we could!

"ADMIRER" (Ipswich).—"For heaven's sake voice it out in trumpet tones that our fleet must not follow the Germhun fleet to a certain spot prepared." But vere vos dot Chermhun vleedt?

A. J. H. (Old Kent Road).—We noted Lord Headley's view that the five diseases of Britain are blindness, deafness, sleeping sickness, cocksureness, and over-politeness. Curious he should have missed out procrastination.

G. M. (King's Cross).—We spell it "Germhun" because we have lately learned to spell.

W. A. D., JR. (2 Can. Div., B.E.F.).—The Motherland *may* be dummed slow; but we trust she is dummed sure.

A. W. (Richmond).—"Why the dickens don't the Belgians go back and fight for their own country?" All countries have their loafers and leeches. Besides, some may have been incapacitated by wounds.

"ORANGEMAN" (Belfast).—It is beyond question that American-Irish and Germhun-Americans engineered and financed the Irish trouble.

W. E. M. (Stoke-on-T.).—Mr. Outhwaite, M.P.'s opinion of Mr. Hughes of Australia is that he is a fraud and a deception. Mr. Hughes' opinion of Mr. Outhwaite would be more interesting.

"AN OLD MOTHER."—We understand that Mr. Churchill no longer draws any military pay.

E. A. M. (Ringwood).—"Do I startle you when I say Lord Kitchener is a prisoner in the hands of the Huns?" Not a hair. Nobody can really startle us about anything.

"SERGEANTS, A.C." (Somewhere).—Better a Germhun shell should "carry away the top of JOHN BULL" than the tops of any of you.

W. J. (Liverpool).—In astrology there is much humbug, and many astrologers are humbugs. But that remark applies to many other "ologies"!

"BRIGHTONIAN."—So you saw us regaling ourselves after the Worthing meeting at the Beach Hotel, did you? And we "seemed a happy throng." Who could be otherwise in such a place?

J. E. S. (Islington).—"Oh, where is that New England where Englishmen can breathe afresh the native air of freedom, away from Germhun infection?" Not in Old England, anyhow.

C. W. H. (London, W.C.) says the M. R. Co. are "willing to run good boats to Douglas, but the Admiralty won't allow them to do so." The Midland won't run the bad boats, and the Admiralty want all the good ones.

"SCOTS" (Wrexham).—"Who was Cain's wife?" Don't know, and don't care.

B. R. (East Liss) suggests that when Mr. Hales accuses the Government of having sleeping sickness he talks through a hole in his socks. "People who have sleeping sickness cannot sleep at all." Have called Mr. Hales' attention to the hole.

"WELL-WISHER" (Jersey).—Jersey must have been one of the few places in the British Empire which did not fly the Flag at half-mast on the death of Lord Kitchener. Those in fault ought to be ashamed of themselves.

J. P. T. (Everton).—You will note that our view is confirmed by the Report of the Royal Commission on the Irish Rebellion. ". . . . The toleration of drilling large bodies of men, first in Ulster, . . . created conditions which rendered possible," etc.

MRS. K. (Crouch Hill).—You should never be surprised at anything. The captured Germhun officer who swore he wouldn't shave while the war lasted must now have copious whiskers.

MRS. N. J. (Irvine).—"If all munition workers would refuse to work until all the Germhuns and Austrihuns are interned——" Some of you ladies are very strong in the ink-pot.

Bann Ink Pots!

170, Birkbeck Road, Beckenham. Kent,
16 6/1916

Dear Sir,—Pen safely to hand, and I have never handled a better. After this—well, may Ink Pots be banned! Thanking you,
I remain,
C. E. WELLS.

"JOHN BULL" PEN COUPON. Value 1d.

By sending this Coupon with P.O. for 2/6 and loose 2d. stamps for postage, the holder is entitled to receive a John Bull Gold-Nibbed Fountain Pen. Additional Coupons up to 12 from "John Bull," any dates, may be saved and used in part payment, each counting as 1d. off the price. You may send 13 coupons, and P.O. for 1/6 only and loose 2d. stamps for postage. Address Pen Dept., "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C. July 15, 1916.
N.B.—State whether you prefer a Fine, Medium, or Broad Nib.

C. J. A. (Westminster).—"Extinction of Spies." Do you want *us* interned for heading a riot?

"CONSTANT READER" (Brook Green).—Certainly people should support local shops, and not see them frozen out by branches of the big concerns, which frequently pay small wages and always take the money from the neighbourhood to spend it elsewhere.

"OBSERVER" (Aberdeen).—*re* that herbal cigarette rogue, we agree that any man who can go to Aberdeen and skin the Aberdonians must be a genius.

T. A. (Bournemouth).—Hope the Board of Education will take up your suggestion that scholars should spend part of their holidays in gardens, allotments, or on farms, to help the food supply for the coming winter squeeze.

C. L. (Norwich).—We don't, of course, say that—in times like these—the pen is mightier than the sword; it is, however, certainly a "hefty" weapon—especially when of the JOHN BULL fountain variety.

S. F. (Plumstead).—We rather like your yarn of the publican, turned munition worker, who has been given the responsible job of gauging shells because he knows all about gauging beer. Being true makes it all the—funnier.

"GOSPORTONIAN."—Gosport High Street must be a slow place when a man is fined £1 for driving a motor-cycle there at six miles an hour—"to the danger of the public." Was that where a native was run over by a funeral procession?

"AN IRISHWOMAN."—If you say a Sinn Feiner is not a traitor, would you say he is loyal to the Crown? He must be one or the other.

"ONE WITH A LITTLE PERSPICUITY" (London).—If only your perspicacity were equal to your perspicuity——!

F. H. J. (Doughty Street, W.C.).—It is nice of the Pytchley Autocar Company, Northampton, to ask for a slightly disabled soldier as garage attendant, but 25s. a week seems poor pay for the work they want him to do.

W. R. C. (Chelsea) knew a vicar who had three hypocrites working for him in the parish. "W. R. C." must have missed a few in counting.

MISS W. J. (Hastings).—Each coupon you submit can contain two "Bullets," and these may be constructed from the same example or two different ones.

FRANK A. THOMSON is requested to communicate with his wife. Very urgent.

"JUSTICE."—Pensioned policemen returned to duty are paid 50s. a week, in addition to their pension of 25s. a week, while men entitled to retire on pension, but retained because of the war, get only 40s. weekly. There is inequality here, if nothing else.

C. D.—If waitresses at the Aerated Bread shops receive only 11s. weekly, less 1s. for washing and 1s. 6d. for dinner, they need what the bread gets—a rise.

R. C. F. C. (Catford).—You win the "match" in a canter. After reading our "Robbery in the Matchbox," you bought a box of vestas, finding it absolutely empty. Forwarding it, you ask our opinion. Well, there's nothing in it!

A. K. G. (Welling).—Grocer gets three months' exemption conditionally on doing welfare work for soldiers in his spare time—half-day weekly! He must be smiling.

"CHAMPNESS" (Weggeton).—"See if you can find out a tunnel, I have heard there is one, one and a half miles in length, entranc on a Roof from a Chimney." We have looked up our chimney; it seems all right. Our sweep will keep his eyes skinned on his round.

F. L. (Battersea).—Four wrappings of paper and a piece of cardboard included in the weight of ¼ lb. Brooke, Bond and Co.'s tea is "a bit too thick." But there was no string!

"HANTS."—Shipton Bellinger is a village so quiet and well-ordered that the only inn has been closed to everybody for the sale of liquor. Working-men in lodgings or huts wonder what it means, as do the soldiers.

"ROYAL MAIL OFFICER" tells us that "vessels visiting the West Indies do not fire guns," as "Merchant Mariner" suggested. "They fire a detonator (a firework from a socket in the taffrail). Besides being traditional, the signal is also necessary *re* the mails." Thanks for lucid explanation.

"PUZZLED" and OTHERS.—Correspondents asking legal questions should send their full names and addresses, together with a shilling postal order, when a reply will be sent direct by post.

A. C. (Willesden).—Lots of Raphael Tuck's postcards were "Processed in Saxony" before the war, the announcement being placed in the square for the stamp, so being hidden when posted.

F. W. L. (Lewisham).—The American Lead Pencil Co. "do not see their way to enter with you into a discussion of the pedigree of their Principals." So now you (don't) know.

"WATCHFUL."—Germans have enormous stores of goods, to be dumped here the moment war is over. You want those stores towards an indemnity. "Everything a foot high or an hour old in all that land belongs to the Allies." That is a good motto.

(A number of replies are unavoidably held over.)

An Opportunity

of saving money is offered by the "Achille Serre Service." Gentlemen and Ladies who want to reduce clothes bills and yet look well-dressed can have suits, costumes, etc., made to look just like new by cleaning and pressing in the famous "Achille Serre Way." The cost is but a few shillings. Write for List of Prices and Branches or Agents which will collect your orders free of carriage.

Achille Serre Ltd.

Head Office: Hackney Wick, London.

East 3710—4 lines.

Branches and Agencies Everywhere.

D93

When your first freshness wears off—when the miles begin to multiply—its just then that you will appreciate the superiority of the

BROOKS

—the saddle that is always comfortable

BROOKS BOOK FREE

J. B. BROOKS & CO. LTD.
92 Criterion Works
Birmingham

Debility

DO YOU KNOW the importance of rich blood? It will be evident when you consider that the entire system derives its nourishment from the blood.

¶ If the blood be poor in quality and unable properly to perform its function, the system becomes starved.

The sufferer complains of exhaustion, lassitude, loss of appetite, and depression—he is debilitated.

¶ This is when Iron 'Jelloids,' The Reliable Tonic, are needed to enrich and strengthen the blood.

As the blood becomes restored to its normal condition strength and energy return—one feels fit and well.

Dr. Andrew Wilson wrote:—"Impoverished blood can be made rich and good by means of Iron 'Jelloids,' the most effective and desirable treatment."

¶ *Ask your Chemist for a Box of 'Iron Jelloids' to-day.*

Reliable Tonic for Men.... IRON 'JELLOIDS' No. 1A.
For Anæmia in Women... IRON 'JELLOIDS' No. 2.
For Growing Children.... IRON 'JELLOIDS' No. 2.

Of all Chemists, price 1/3 and 3/-, or direct from
THE 'JELLOID' CO. (Dept. 341D), 205, CITY RD., LONDON.

Iron 'Jelloids' No. 2A

(Pronounced Jell-Lloydz)

20 "BULLETS" HOLIDAY PRIZES!

WHY NOT WIN ONE THIS WEEK?

☛ Two more Coupons for this week's Competition will be found on the opposite page.

No. Closing Date, Thursday, July 20th.

Example.....

Bullet.....

Example.....

Bullet.....

(197) P.O. No.....

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced below.

Signed.....

Address.....

.....

If one coupon is used P.O. for 6d. must be sent.

ENVELOPES SHOULD BE MARKED "BULLETS" No. 197. "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C. Write "COMPETITION" on top left-hand corner of envelope.

No. Closing Date, Thursday, July 20th.

Example.....

Bullet.....

Example.....

Bullet.....

(197) P.O. No.....

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced below.

Signed.....

Address.....

.....

If two Coupons are used P.O. for 1s. must be sent.

SPECIAL RULE FOR MILITARY AND OTHER COMPETITORS.

In order to afford our Military and Naval Competitors and others living in remote districts ample time to compete, we are allowing them special facilities. Below will be found twenty examples for **Next Week's** "Bullets" Competition **No. 198. These can be used on the coupons above, and must reach these offices on or before THURSDAY, JULY 27th.** Please note that all coupons so used **MUST** be clearly marked with the number **198** in the top left-hand corner, and envelopes containing these coupons **MUST** be addressed "Bullets" No. **198**, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C. Such coupons must **NOT** contain any of the Thirty Examples for the present week's competition.

Next Week's Selection of Examples for "Bullets" Competition No. 198.

THE ANZACS	WHEN TIDE TURNS	WHEN LOVE IS BLIND	SOMETHING WRONG WHEN
MOST GIRLS LIKE	SEASIDE APARTMENTS	CHEEKY BOY	MAKING HAY
GETTING LIVELY	FACING THE MUSIC	SLOW TO PART	IN GREAT DEMAND
A HOLIDAY PRIZE	TOMMY'S HONEYMOON	NOT WORTH LISTENING TO	SWEET STUFF
SECOND THOUGHTS	AN AWKWARD QUESTION	GIVING PLEASURE	NOTHING TO PAY

BULLETS RULES 1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the Judges, in consultation with the Editor, is the best "Bullet" received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness, and originality. The right to divide a prize or prizes among two or more competitors is reserved.

2. Bullets must be plainly written on one of the coupons, and only two attempts may be written on each coupon.

3. All four coupons may be used, but each coupon must be accompanied by a postal order for 6d. made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed ____ and Co.

Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Competitors sending more than one coupon may enclose one postal order for the full amount covering the number of their coupons. Coupons must not be defaced in any manner.

4. All coupons arriving too late to be judged with absolute thoroughness will be duly returned to their respective senders.

5. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

6. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

This Week's List of Examples for "Bullets" Competition No. 197.

GETTING ON WELL
CLEAN FIGHT
A SMASHING VICTORY
SEASIDE LANDLADY
THE GRAND FLEET
KEEPING QUIET
A RAPID CHANGE
TURNING BACK
WORKING HARD
SLOW AND SURE
BRITISH PLUCK
TO SECURE PEACE
BUTCHER'S BILL
HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPION
SHOULD BE INTERNED
WEEKLY PAYMENTS
TRYING BUSINESS
A DISAGREEABLE SURPRISE
PLAIN COOK
WITHOUT DOUBT
BEFORE THE WAR
PRETTY BEAUTY
BIG TALK
TAKING LEAVE
DIDN'T COME TO PASS
HANDS OFF
STAGGERS FATHER
LADY FARMER
REMEMBERING TOMMY
THE KAISER'S FAULT

HOW TO MAKE "BULLETS."

First choose any of the thirty examples given above. Then give **TWO, THREE** or **FOUR** words having some bearing on the example chosen. Any **ONE** of the words selected must begin with **ANY** letter in the example chosen. The other words selected can begin with any letter in the alphabet.

These examples will guide you:—

Example:—
A DISAGREEABLE SURPRISE.
Bullet:—
WHEN TRIBUNAL REFUSES EXEMPTION
Example:—
TRYING BUSINESS.
Bullet:—
RECRUIT'S FIRST DRILL.
Example:—
BIG TALK.
Bullet:—
AFTER DRINKS.

Competitors may send in two BULLETS on one coupon for sixpence. If more coupons are used, an entry fee at the rate of 6d. for each coupon must be sent.

Result of this Competition will be found in our issue dated August 5th.

This week's "Bullets" Coupons will also be found in "EVERYWOMAN'S," dated July 15th.

RESULT OF 194TH BULLETS COMPETITION

FIRST PRIZE of £250:—

Mr. Rd. E. FOSTER,
The Grocery Stores, Newark.
Example:—THE RUSSIAN ARMY.
Bullet:—"RETIRED" THEN "WOKE UP."

SECOND PRIZE OF £25:—

Mr. J. HERBERT,
Wilson's Brewery, Ltd., Newton Heath, Manchester.
Example:—ON HIS MAJESTY'S SERVICE.
Bullet:—MANY "FORMS" OF ANNOYANCE.

THIRD PRIZE OF £10:—

Mrs. KATE BYRNE,
Mill Street, Pettigo, Co. Donegal, Ireland.
Example:—TEACHING HER SWIMMING.
Bullet:—"HUGGING" CLOSE TO SHORE.

10 HOLIDAY PRIZES OF £5 EACH:—

Mr. J. CONDON, Headquarters 3rd Guards Brigade, B.E.F.: DROPPING OFF—DURATION ABSTAINERS.
Mr. GEO. R. HARRIS, 40, Frenchwood St., Preston, Lancs.: WAKING FATHER—HE "DESCENDS" TO ABUSE.
Mr. J. PUGSLEY, 20, Whittingstall Rd., Fulham, London: DROPPING OFF—GREEK "SPIRIT" "UNDER PROOF."
Mr. F. BAKER, 19, Western Road, Bexhill-on-Sea: MERRY WIDOW—WISHES CHILDREN "KEPT QUIET."
Mr. P. NAYLOR, 3, Grosvenor Road, Norbreck, Blackpool: CARRIES WEIGHT—PRECIOUS LITTLE SHOPKEEPER "RETAILS."
Mr. GEO. A. PEEL, 169, Bradford Road, Cleckheaton: THE DAY OFF—HUN SCHOOLS GET EASILY.
Mr. F. W. HODGSON, 108, Evelyn St., Deptford Pk., London: DROPPING OFF—CHIMNEYS NEAR RHINE SHORTLY.
Mr. G. WILLIAMS, 14, Page Street, Swansea: PUTTING UP PRICES—"INFLATORS" WANT "BLOWING UP."
Mrs. F. E. HILLS, 21, Hedley Street, Maidstone, Kent: SPOILT CHILD—LIKES DESTROYING HIS SOLDIERS.
Mr. A. F. RICHARDSON, 11, Holbein Hse., Sloane Sq. S.W.: RETIRING IN DISORDER—OWING TO "CURTAIN FIRE."

10 WEEK-END PRIZES of £2 10s. EACH:

Mrs. E. SKELSEY, 56, Spencer St., Watney St., London, E.: THE DAY OFF—MANAGER'S LUNCH TIME—NEARLY.
Mrs. T. H. SUTTON, Chobham Cottage, Chobham, Woking: NOT FLEET ENOUGH—HENCE GERMANY STICKS "FAST."
Mr. CHESHIRE, 94, Norwich Road, Ipswich: SHOCKS THE KAISER—OUR "PLANTS" BEARING "FRUIT."
Mr. J. GARNER, Senr., Furlong St. Avenue, Arnold, Notts.: SPOILT CHILD—IF MOTHER CUTS HAIR.
Mr. C. CARBUTT, 12, Newbiggin St., York: ON THE ROCKS—RESULT OF "ILL WINDS." (Sent in on a Free "Target" Prize Coupon.)
Mr. G. LEGG, 30, Geoffrey Road, Brockley, S.E.: BOARDING-HOUSE BEDS—SELDOM LIKED, OFTEN "LUMPED."
Mr. W. MCFARLANE, 32, Blagdon Rd., Lewisham, S.E.: VILLAGE FIRE-BRIGADE—"TOSS UP" FOR HELMETS.
Mr. J. CLARKE, Southend Villa, Newent, Gloucester: MERRY WIDOW—"MOVING" FOR "NEW TRIAL."
Mr. T. T. CHARLTON, Registrar of Births and Deaths, Sutton-in-Ashfield, Notts.: VILLAGE FIRE-BRIGADE—"ARRIVES" AT "CONCLUSIONS."
Miss M. A. PEARCE, 32, Keston Rd., Peckham, London: PRICE OF PEACE—JELLICOE'S "SHIPPING RING." CONTROLS.

☛ YOU MAY USE THESE EXTRA COUPONS.

No. Closing Date, Thursday, July 20th.
Example.....
Bullet.....
Example.....
Bullet.....
(197) P.O. No.....
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on the opposite page.
Signed.....
Address.....
If three coupons are used P.O. for 1s. 6d. must be sent.

Envelopes should be marked "Bullets" No. 197, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.

No. Closing Date, Thursday, July 20th.
Example.....
Bullet.....
Example.....
Bullet.....
(197) P.O. No.....
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on the opposite page.
Signed.....
Address.....
If four coupons are used P.O. for 2s. must be sent

COMPLETE LIST OF ALL CASH AND OTHER PRIZE-WINNERS CAN BE SEEN AT THE OFFICES OF "JOHN BULL."

"JOHN BULL'S" GREAT FREE WAR INSURANCE

We are giving, *absolutely free of charge, an insurance* against ZEPPELIN OR OTHER AIR RAIDS, BOMBARDMENT, INVASION, RAID, RIOT, CIVIL COMMOTION, CIVIL WAR, REVOLUTION, REBELLION, BLOCKADE—indeed, every war risk to Life, Limb and Home. Anyone can be insured, *irrespective of sex or age*, but a separate coupon must be filled in for each person. Remember, the Ordinary fire and accident Policies afford no protection whatever against war risks.

Our insurance is simple and comprehensive, and does not bother about any "legal representative" or "next-of-kin." We shall pay the amount of the insurance to the owner of the coupon or to the person nominated thereon, and to no one else. Be sure to fill in a coupon for every member of your family. *The Newsagent's Order Form will keep you permanently insured during such period as this Insurance Scheme and your order to the Newsagent remain in force.* Readers may, however, obtain all the advantages by sending in every week the Registration Coupon—with clause (*a*) struck out, which will be available for seven days after its receipt by us.

WHAT WE WILL PAY.

In respect of any person (*man, woman or child*) who, whilst on land and in the British Isles, is killed or dies within 30 days of receiving injury from any of the events named, we will, subject to the fulfilment of the few simple conditions set out below, pay the sum of	£200
Should he, or she, in the course of any of these happenings, become permanently totally disabled ...	£100
Should his, or her, home become directly damaged (whether it be private residence or residence in connection with a shop) or should the contents be damaged, not exceeding	£350
Loss of one quarter's rent during rebuilding of damaged home, up to	£25
Medical fees for injuries not proving fatal, but incapacitating the injured person from following his or her usual employment for more than three days, up to	£10

Claims must be received by us within forty-eight hours of the injury, and must be supported by such evidence as may be required by the Editor, whose decision shall be final upon all questions. Not more than one claim, which must be confined to one of the benefits, can be entertained in respect of any one person or home.

We reserve to ourselves the right to limit our total payments to £10,000, and to pay not more than £5,000 in respect of claims from any one raid. Payment will be made subject to the rights which the claimant may have or acquire against any other newspaper or insurance body, we paying a proportionate amount of the total admitted claim.

Our Insurance Scheme applies exclusively to British-born subjects, and those of friendly Powers in the British Isles—*and not to Germans, Hungarians, Austrians, Turks, or Bulgarians, even though "naturalised," nor to members of His Majesty's Forces on Active Service, although the home of the latter, situate outside military or naval premises, may be insured.*

TO AVOID FILLING UP REGISTRATION FORM WEEKLY

You may, if you are a *regular* and *continuous* reader of JOHN BULL—or decide to become one—sign this coupon and hand it to your newsagent, and you will be insured for all the benefits of the Scheme as published in each issue, so long as this order and the scheme remain in force.

TO BE RETAINED BY NEWSAGENT.

To ..... *Newsagent.*
.....
Please deliver JOHN BULL to me regularly until further notice.
Signed .....
July 15th, 1916.....

NOTE.—Each member of a family desiring to be insured *must* fill up a separate form.

If you make use of this Newsagent's Form you *must* fill in clause (*a*) of the Registration Form which will be found next to this, and post it to JOHN BULL Insurance Dept., 93, Long Acre, London, W.C., where your name and the name of your nominee will be duly registered.

A halfpenny stamp should be forwarded if an acknowledgment of receipt of Coupon is desired.

REGISTRATION FORM

Which must be posted to—
The INSURANCE DEPT., JOHN BULL, 93, Long Acre, W.C.

This is to notify that I have this day (*Strike out one of these.*) July 15th, 1916

(*a*) Placed an order for the *regular* weekly supply of JOHN BULL with .....
Newsagent of.....
.....
and desire you to register me as a regular subscriber under the terms of your Insurance Scheme.

—OR—

(*b*) Purchased a copy of JOHN BULL, dated as under, and desire to be insured against war risks for one week from the date of receipt by you of this form.

And in the event of my being injured or killed on land within the British Isles, or of my home or its contents being damaged, I hereby nominate to receive any payment due under this insurance, first myself, or in the event of my death:—

Name of Nominee.....
Address .....
Signature of Insured .....
(Mr., Mrs., or Miss)
Address .....
.....

Yoho, Yoho, the breezes blow,
We're off to foreign shores
To spread the fame and laud the name
Of Chairman Juniors.

Chairman Juniors have all the recognisable and positive qualities that make a really good Virginian cigarette so really good. They smoke cool to the tongue, have a definite and pleasing flavour, an attractive aroma, and do not irritate the throat. In fact, they are the original Chairman Cigarettes made a little smaller that they may be sold everywhere at

3d. for 10.

In Chairman Juniors all the value is in the cigarettes, as there are no coupons or pictures with them. . . . And they are made and guaranteed in every particular by

R. J. LEA, Ltd., Manchester.

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